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NEW FEATURES

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Poetry.

UNDER THE VIOLETS.

OLIVER WENDELL HOMES.

Her hands are cold, her face is white;
No more her pulses come and go;
Her eyes are shut to life and light;
Fold the light vesture, snow on snow,
And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,
To plead for tears with alien eyes:
A slender cross of wood alone
Shall say that here a maiden lies
In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb
Shall wheel their circling shadows round,
To make the scorching sunlight dim
That drinks the greenness from the ground,
And drop their dead leaves on the mound.

For her the morning choir will sing
Its matins from the branches high,
And every minstrel voice of spring
That thrills beneath the April sky,
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

At last the purblind eyes of the trees
Shall find the prison where she lies,
And bear the buried dust they seize
In leaves and blossoms to the skies;
So may the soul that warms it rise.

If any, born of kindlier blood,
Should ask: "What maiden lies below?"
Say only this: "A tender bud
That tried to blossom in the snow
Lies withered where the violets blow."

Our Story Teller.

A SECRET OF TELEGRAPH HILL.

A Novelette Written for the Blade.

BY BRET HART.

Author of "Tales of the Argonauts," "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "Cressy" etc.

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CHAPTER I.

Mr. Herbert Bly glanced for the first time at the house which was to be his future abode in San Francisco, he was somewhat startled. In that early period of feverish civic improvement, the street before it had been repeatedly graded and lowered until the dwelling—originally a pioneer suburban villa perched upon a slope of Telegraph hill—now stood 60 feet above the sidewalk, superposed like some Swiss chalet on successive galleries built in the sand hill, and connected by half a dozen distinct zigzag flights of wooden staircase. Stimulated, however, by the thought that the view from the top would be a fine one, and that existence there would have all the quaint originality of Robinson Crusoe's tree dwelling, Mr. Bly began cheerfully to mount the steps. It should be premised that, although a recently appointed clerk in a large banking house, Mr. Bly was somewhat youthful and imaginative, and regarded the ascent as part of that "Excelsior" climbing pointed out by a great poet as a praiseworthy function of ambitious youth.

"MR. CARSTONE HAS WRITTEN TO ME."

Reaching at last the level of the veranda, he turned to the view. The distant wooded shore of Contra Costa, the tossing white caps and dancing sails of the bay between, and the foreground at his feet of wharves and piers, with their reed-like jungles of masts and cordage, made up a bright, if somewhat material, picture. To his right rose the crest of the hill, historic and memorable as the sight of the old semaphoric telegraph, the tossing of whose gaunt arms formerly thrilled the citizens with tidings from the sea. Turning to the house, he recognized the prevailing style of light cottage architecture, although incongruously confined to narrow building plots and the civic regularity of a precise street frontage. Thus a dozen other villas, formerly scattered over the slope, had been laboriously displaced and moved to the rigorous inside line drawn by the street surveyor, no matter how irregular and independent their design and structure. Happily, the few "scrub oaks" and low bushes which formed the scant vegetation of this vast sand dune offered no obstacle and suggested no incongruity. Beside the house before which Mr. Bly now stood, a prolific Madeira vine, quickened by the six months' sunshine, had alone survived the displacement of its foundations, and in its untrimmed luxuriance half hid the upper veranda from his view.

Still glowing with his exertion, the young man ran the bell and was admitted into a fair sized drawing-room, whose tasteful and well arranged furniture at once prepossessed him. An open piano, a sheet of music carelessly left on the stool, a novel lying face downwards on the table beside a skein of silk, and the distant rustle of a vanished skirt through an inner door, gave suggestion of refined domesticity to the room that touched the fancy of the homeless and nomadic Bly. He was still enjoying, in half embarrassment, the vague and indescribable atmosphere of a refined woman's habitual presence, when the door opened and the mistress of the house formally presented herself.

She was a faded but still handsome woman. Yet she wore that peculiar long, limp, formless house-shawl which in certain phases of Anglo-Saxon spinster and widowhood assumes the functions of the recluse's veil and announces the renunciation of worldly vanities and a resigned indifference to external feminine contour. The most audacious masculine arm would shrink from clasping that shapeless void in which the flatness of asceticism or the heavings of passion might alike lie buried. She had also in some mysterious way imported into the fresh and pleasant room a certain bombazine shadow of the past, and a suggestion of that appalling mourning known as "better days." Though why it should be always represented by ashen memories, or why better days in the past should be supposed to fix their fitting symbol in depression in the present, Mr. Bly was too young and too preoccupied at the moment to determine. He only knew that he was a little frightened at her, and fixed his gaze with a hopeless fascination on a letter which she somewhat portentously carried under the shawl, and which seemed already to have yellowed in its Arctic shade.

"Mr. Carstone has written to me that you would call," said Mrs. Brooks, with languid formality. "Mr. Carstone was a valued friend of my late husband, and I suppose has told you the circumstances—the only circumstances—which admit of my entertaining his proposition of taking anybody, even temporarily, under my roof. The absence of my dear son for six months at Portland, Oregon, enables me to place his room at the disposal of Mr. Carstone's young protege; who, Mr. Carstone tells me, and I have every reason to believe, is, if perhaps not so seriously inclined nor yet a church communicant, still of a character and reputation not unworthy to follow my dear Tappington in our little family circle, as he has at his desk in the bank."

The sensitive Bly, struggling painfully out of an abstraction as to how he was ever to offer the weekly rent of his lodgings to such a remote and respectable person, and also somewhat embarrassed at being appealed to in the third person, here started and bowed.

"The name of Bly is not unfamiliar to me," continued Mrs. Brooks, pointing to a chair and sinking resignedly into another where her baleful shawl at once assumed the appearance of a dust-cover; "some of my dearest friends were intimate with the Blys of Philadelphia. They were a branch of the Maryland Blys of the eastern shore, one of whom my Uncle James married. Perhaps you are distantly related?"

Mrs. Brooks was perfectly aware that her visitor was of unknow western origin, and a poor but clever protege of the rich banker; but she was one of a certain class of American women who, in the midst of a fierce democracy, are more or less caterlike connoisseurs of family pride and lineage, and more or less felinely inconsistent and treacherous to republican principles. Bly, who had just settled in his mind to send her the rent anonymously—as a weekly valentine — recovered himself and his spirits in his usual boyish fashion.

"I am afraid, Mrs. Brooks," he said gaily, "I can not lay claim to any distinguished relationship, even to that 'Nelly Bly, who, you remember, 'winked her eye when she went to sleep.'" He stopped in consternation. The terrible conviction flashed upon him that this quotation from a popular negro minstrel song could not possibly be remembered by a lady as refined as his hostess, or even known to her superior son. The consternation was intensified by Mrs. Brooks rising with a smileless face, slightly shedding the possible vulgarity with a shake of her shawl, and remarking that she would show him her son's room, led the way up-stairs to the apartment recently vacated by the perfect Tappington.

Preceded by the same distant flutter of unseen skirts in the passage which he had first noticed on entering the drawing-room, and which evidently did not proceed from his companion, whose self-composed cerements would have repressed any such indecorous agitation, Mr. Bly stepped timidly into the room. It was a very pretty apartment, suggesting the same touches of tasteful refinement in its furniture and appointments, and, withal, to feminine habits and regularity, that, conscious of his frontier habits and experience, he felt at once repulsively incongruous. "I cannot expect, Mr. Bly," said Mrs. Brooks, resignedly, "that you can share my son's extreme sensitiveness to disorder and irregularity; but I must beg you to avoid as much as possible disturbing the arrangement of the book-shelves, which, you observe, comprise his books of serious reference, the Biblical commentaries, and the sermons that were his habitual study. I must beg you to exercise the same care in reference to the valuable offerings from his Sabbath school scholars, which are upon the mantle. The embroidered book-marker, the gift of the young ladies of his Bible-class in Dr. Stout's church, is also, you perceive, kept for ornament and affectionate remembrance. The harmonium—even if you are not yourself given to sacred song—I trust you will not find in your way, nor object to my daughter continuing her practice during your daily absence. Thank you. The door you are looking at leads by a flight of steps to the side street."

"A very convenient arrangement," said Bly, hopefully, who saw a chance for an occasional unostentatious escape from a too protracted contemplation of Tappington's perfections. "I mean," he added hurriedly, "to avoid disturbing you at night."

"I believe my son had neither the necessity nor desire to use it for that purpose," returned Mrs. Brooks, severely; "although he found it sometimes a convenient short cut to church on Sabbath when he was late."

Bly, who in his boyish sensitiveness to external impressions had by this time concluded that a life divided between the past perfections of Tappington and the present renunciation of Mrs. Brooks would be intolerable, and was again abstractedly inventing some delicate excuse for withdrawing without committing himself further, was here suddenly attracted by a repetition of the rustling of the unseen skirt. This time it was nearer, and this time it seemed to strike even Mrs. Brook's remote preoccupation.

"My daughter, who is deeply devoted to her brother," she said, slightly raising her voice, "will take upon herself the care of looking after Tappington's precious mementoes, and spare you the trouble. Cherry, dear! this way. This is the young gentleman spoken of by Mr. Carstone, your papa's friend. My daughter, Cherubina, Mr. Bly."

The fair owner of the rustling skirt, which turned out to be a pretty French print, had appeared at the doorway. She was a tall, slim blonde, with a shy, startled manner, as of a penitent nun who was suffering from some conventual transgression—a resemblance that was heightened by her short cut hair, that might have been cropped as if for punishment.

A certain likeness to her mother suggested that she was qualifying for that saint's ascetic shawl—subject, however, to rebellious intervals, indicated in the side-long fires of her gray eyes. Yet the vague impression that she knew more of the world than her mother, and that she did not look at all as if her name was Cherubina, struck Bly in the same momentary glance.

"Mr. Bly is naturally pleased with what he has seen of our dear Tappington's appointments; and as I gather from Mr. Carstone's letter that he is anxious to enter at once and make the most of the dear boy's absence, you will see, my dear Cherry, that Ellen has everything ready for him."

Before the unfortunate Bly could explain or protest, the young girl lifted her grey eyes to his. Whether she had perceived and understood his perplexity he could not tell; but the swift, shy glance was at once appealing, assuring and intelligent. She was certainly unlike her mother and brother! Acting with his usual impulsiveness, he forgot his previous resolution, and before he left had engaged to begin his occupation of the room on the following day.

The next afternoon found him installed. Yet, after he had unpacked his modest possessions and put them away, after he had placed his few books on the shelves, where they looked glaringly trivial and frivolous beside the late tenant's severe studies; after he had set out his scanty treasures in the way of photographs and some curious mementos of his wandering life, and then put them back again with a sudden angry pride at exposing them to the unsympathetic incongruity of the other ornaments, he, nevertheless, felt ill at ease. He glanced in vain around the pretty room. It was not the delicately-flowered wall paper; it was not the white and blue muslin window-curtains gracefully tied up with blue and white ribbons; it was not the spotless bed, with its blue and white festooned mosquito-net and flounced valences, and its medallion portrait of an unknown bishop at the back; it was not the few tastefully-framed engravings of certain cardinal virtues, "The Rock of Ages," and "The Guardian Angel," it was not the casts in relief of "Night" and "Morning;" it was certainly not the cosy dimity-covered arm-chairs and sofa, nor yet the clean swept polished grate with its cheerful fire sparkling against the chill afternoon sea-fogs without. Neither was it the mere feminine suggestion, for that touched a sympathetic chord in his impulsive nature; nor the religious and ascetic influence, for he had occupied a monastic cell in a school of the padres at an old mission, and slept profoundly—it was none of those, and yet a part of all. Most habitations retain a cast or shell of their previous tenant that, fitting tightly or loosely, is still able to adjust itself to the new comer; in most occupied apartments there is still a shadowy suggestion of the owner's individuality; there was nothing here that fitted Bly—nor was there either, strange to say, any evidence of the past proprietor in this inhospitality of sensation. It did not strike him at the time that it was this very lack of individuality which made it weird and unreal, that it was strange only because it was artificial, and that a real Tappington had never inhabited it.

He walked to the window—that never failing resource of the unquiet mind—and looked out. He was a little surprised to find that owing to the grading of the house, the scrub oaks and bushes of the hill were nearly on the level of his window, as also was the adjoining side street on which his second door actually gave. Opening this, the sudden invasion of the sea-fog, and the figure of a pedestrian casually passing along the disued and abandoned pavement not a dozen feet from where he had been comfortably seated, presented such a striking contrast to the studious quiet and cosiness of his secluded apartment that he hurriedly closed the door again with a sense of indiscreet exposure. Returning to the window, he glanced to the left, and found that he was overlooked by the side veranda of another villa in the rear, evidently on its way to take position on the line of the street. Although in actual and deliberate transit on rollers across the backyard and still occulting a part of the view, it remained, after the reckless fashion of the period, inhabited. Certainly with a door fronting a thoroughfare, and a neighbor gradually approaching him, he would not feel lonely or lack excitement.

He drew his arm chair to the fire and tried to realize the all-pervading, yet evasive Tappington. There was no portrait of him in the house, and although Mrs. Brooks had said that he "favored" his sister, Bly had, without knowing why, instinctively resented it. He had even timidly asked his employer, and had received the vague reply that he was "good looking enough," and the practical but discomposing retort, "What do you want to know for?" As he really did not know why, the inquiry had dropped. He stared at the monumental crystal inkstand half full of ink, yet spotless and free from stains, that stood on the table, and tried to picture Tappington daintily dipping into it, to thank the fair donors—"daughters of Rebecca." Who were they? and what sort of man would they naturally feel grateful to?

What was that?

He turned to the window, which had just resounded to a slight tap or blow, as if something soft struck it. With an instinctive suspicion of the propinquity of the adjoining street he rose, but a single glance from the window satisfied him that no missile would have reached it from thence. He scanned the low bushes on the level below him; certainly no one could be hiding there. He lifted his eyes towards the house on the left; the curtains of the nearest window appeared to be drawn suddenly at the same moment. Could it have come from there? Looking down upon the window-ledge, there lay the mysterious missile—a little mis-shapen ball. He opened the window and took it up. It was a small handkerchief tied into a soft knot, and dampened with water to give it the necessary weight as a projectile.

Was it apparently the trick of a mischievous child? or—

But here a faint knock on the door ending into the hall checked his inquiry. He opened it sharply in his excitement, and was embarassed to find the daughter of his hostess standing there, shy, startled and evidently equally embarassed by his abrupt response.

"Mother only wanted me to ask you if Ellen had put everything to rights," she said, making a step backwards.

"Oh, thank you. Perfectly," said Herbert with effusion. "Nothing could be better done. In fact—"

"You're quite shure she hasn't forgotten anything? or that there isn't anything you would like changed?" she continued with eyes levelled on the floor.

"Nothing, I assure you," he said, looking at her downcast lashes. As she still remained motionless, he continued cheerfully, "Would you—would you—care to look around and see?"

"No; I thank you."

There was an awkward pause. He still contined to hold the door open. Suddenly, she moved forward with a school-girl stride, entered the room, and going to the harmonium, sat down upon the music-stool beside it, slightly bending forward, with one long, slim white hand on top of the other, resting over her crossed knees.

Herbert was a little puzzled. It was the awkward and brusque act of a very young person, and yet nothing now could be more gentle and self-composed than her figure and attitude.

"Yes," he continued smilingly; "I am only afraid that I may not be able to live quite up to the neatness and regularity of the example I find here everywhere. You know I am dreadfully careless and not at all orderly. I shudder to think what may happen; but you and your mother, Miss Brooks, I trust, will make up your minds to overlook and forgive a good deal. I shall do my best to be worthy of Mr. Tap— of my predecessor—but even then I am afraid you'll find me a great bother."

She raised her shy eyelids. The faintest ghost of a long buried dimple came into her pale cheek as she said softly, to his utter consternation—

"RATS."

"Rats!"

Had she uttered an oath she could not have been more startled than he was by this choice gem of western saloon-slang from the pure lips of this Evangeline-like figure before him. He sat gazing at her with a wild, hysteric desire to laugh. She lifted her eyes again, swept him with a slightly terrified glance, and said—

"Tap says you all say that when anyone makes believe politeness to you."

"Oh, your *brother* says that, does he?" said Herbert, laughing.

"Yes, and sometimes 'old rats.' But," she continued hurriedly, "*he* doesn't say it. He says *you* all do. My brother is very particular, and very good. Dr. Stout loves him. He is thought very much of in all Christian circles. That book-mark was given to him by one of his classes."

Every trace of her dimples had vanished. She looked so sweetly grave and, withal, so maidenly, sitting there slightly smoothing the lengths of her pink fingers, that Herbert was somewhat embarrassed.

"But I assure you, Miss Brooks, I was not making believe. I am really very careless, and everything is not proper—I mean so neat and pretty—here that I—" he stopped, and observing the same backward wandering of her eye as of a filly about to shy, quickly changed the subject. "You have, or are about to have, neighbors?" he said, glancing toward the windows as he recalled the incident of a moment before.

"Yes; and they are not at all nice people. They are from Pike county, and very queer. They came across the plains in '50. They say "stranger"; the men are vulgar and the girls very forward. Tap forbids my ever going to the window and looking at them. They're quite what you would call 'off color.'"

Herbert, who did not dare to say that he never would have dreamed of using such an expression in any young girl's presence, was plunged in silent consternation.

"Then your brother doesn't approve of them?" he said at last, awkwardly.

"Oh, not at all. He even talked of having ground glass put in all of these windows, only it would make the light bad."

Herbert felt very embarrassed. If the mysterious missile came from these objectionable young persons, it was because they thought they had detected a monastic cell in a school of the padres at an old mission, and slept profoundly—it was none of those, and yet a part of all. Most habitations retain a cast or shell of their previous tenant that, fitting tightly or loosely, is still able to adjust itself to the new comer; sic. Mr. Bly?" said she, without raising them.

"I am afraid not."

"Perhaps you know only negro minstrel songs?"

"I am afraid—yes."

"I know one." The dimples faintly came back again. "It's called 'The Ham-fat Man.' Some day when mother isn't in I'll play it for you."

Then the dimples fled again, and she immediately looked so distressed that Herbert came to her assistance.

"I suppose your brother taught you that, too?"

"Oh, dear me!" she returned with a frightened glance; "I only heard him say some people preferred that kind of thing to sacred music, and one day I saw a copy of it in a music store window in Clay street, and bought it. Oh, no! Tappington didn't teach it to me."

In the pleasant discovery that she was at times independent of her brother's perfections, Herbert smiled, and sympathetically drew a step nearer to her. She rose at once, somewhat primly holding back the sides of her skirt, school-girl fashion, with thumb and finger, and her eyes cast down.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Bly."

"Must you go? Good afternoon."

She walked directly to the open door, looking very tall and stately as she did so, but without turning toward him. When she reached it she lifted her eyes; there was the slighest suggestion of a return of her dimples in the relaxation of her grave little mouth. Then she said, "Good bye, Mr. Bly," and departed.

The skirt of her dress rustled for an instant in the passage. Herbert looked after her. "I wonder if she skipped then—she looks like a girl that might skip at such a time," he said to himself. How very odd she is—and how simple! But I must pull her up on that slang when I know her better. Fancy her brother telling her that! What a pair they must be! Nevertheless, when he turned back into the room again he forbore going to the window to indulge further curiosity in regard to his wicked neighbors. A certain new feeling of respect to his late companion—and possibly to himself—held him in check. Much as he resented Tappington's perfections, he resented quite as warmly the presumption that he was in any way as perfect which was implied in that mysterious overture. He glanced at the stool on which she had been sitting with a half-brotherly smile, and put it reverently on one side with a very vivid recollection of her shy, maidenly figure. In some mysterious way, too, the room seemed to have lost its formal strangeness; perhaps it was the touch of individuality—hers—that had been wanting? He began thoughtfully to dress himself for his regular dinner at the Poodle Dog Restaurant, and when he left the room he turned back to look once more at the stool where she had sat. Even on his way to that fast and famous *cafe* of the period, he felt, for the first time in his thoughtless but lonely life, the gentle security of the home he had left behind him.

CHAPTER II.

It was three or four days before he became firmly adjusted to his new quarters. During this time he had met Cherry casually on the staircase, in going or coming, and received her shy greetings; but she had not repeated her visit, nor again alluded to it. He had spent part of a formal evening in the parlor in company with a calling deacon, who, unappalled by the Indian shawl, for which the widow had exchanged her household cerements on such occasions, appeared to Herbert to have remote matrimonial designs, as far, at least, as a sympathetic deprecation of the vanities of the present, an echoing of her signs like a modest encore, a preternatural gentility of manner, a vague allusion to the necessity of bearing "one another's burden," and an everlasting "promise" in store, would seem to imply. To Herbert's vivid imagination, a discussion on the doctrinal points of last Sabbath's sermon was fraught with delicate suggestion; and an acceptance by the widow of an appointment to attend the Wednesday evening "Lectures" had all the shy, reluctant yielding of a granted rendezvous. Oddly enough, the more formal attitude seemed to be reserved for the young people, who, in the suggestive atmosphere of this spiritual flirtation, alone appeared to preserve the proprieties and decorously chaperon their elders. Herbert gravely turned the leaves of Cherry's music while she played and sang one or two discreet but depressing songs expressive of her unalterable but proper devotion to her mother's clock, her father's arm chair, and her aunt's Bible; and Herbert joined somewhat boyishly in the soul-subduing refrain. Only once he ventured to suggest in a whisper that he would like to add her music-stool to the adorable inventory- but he was met by such a disturbed and terrified look that he desisted. "Another night of this wild and reckless dissipation will finish me," he said lugubriously to himself, when he reached the solitude of his room. "I wonder how many times a week I'd have to help the girl play the spiritual gooseberry down stairs before we could have any fun ourselves?"

Here the sound of distinct laughter, interspersed with feminine shrieks, came through the open window. He glanced between the curtains. His neighbor's house was brilliantly lit, and the shadows of a few romping figures were chasing each other across the muslin shades of the windows. The objectionable young women were evidently enjoying themselves. In some conditions of the mind there is a certain exasperation in the spectacle of unmeaning enjoyment, and he shut the window sharply. At the same moment some one knocked at the door.

It was Miss Brooks, who had just come upstairs.

"Will you please let me have my music stool?"

He stared at her a moment in surprise, then recovering himself, said, "Yes, certainly," and brought the stool. For an instant he was tempted to ask why she wanted it, but his pride forbade him.

"Thank you. Good night."

"Good night!"

"I hope it wasn't in your way?"

"Not at all."

"Good night!"

"Good night."

She vanished. Herbert was perplexed. Between young ladies whose naïve exuberance impelled them to throw handkerchiefs at his window and young ladies whose equally naïve modesty demanded the withdrawal from his bedroom of a

A SURPRISE.

chair on which they had once sat, his lot seemed to have fallen in a troubled locality. Yet a day or two later he heard Cherry practicing on the harmonium as he was ascending the stairs on his return from business; she had departed before he entered the room, but had left the music stool behind her. It was not again removed.

One Sunday, the second or third of his tenancy, when Cherry and her mother were at church, and he had finished some work that he had brought from the bank, his former restlessness and sense of strangeness returned. The regular afternoon fog had thickened early, and driving him back from a cheerless, chilly ramble on the hill, had left him still more depressed and solitary. In sheer desperation he moved some of his furniture, and changed the disposition of several smaller ornaments. Growing bolder, he even attacked the sacred shelf devoted to Tappington's serious literature and moral studies. At first glance the book of sermons looked suspiciously fresh and new for a book of habitual reference, but its leaves were carefully cut, and contained one or two book-marks. It was only another evidence of that perfect youth's care and neatness. As he was replacing it he noticed a small object folded in white paper, at the back of the shelf. To put the book back into its former position it was necessary to take this out. He did so, but its contents slid from his fingers and the paper to the floor. To his utter consternation, looking down he saw a pack of playing cards strewn at his feet!

TO BE CONTINUED.

LITTLE BITS.

Atchison Globe: In a girl's room all roads lead to the looking-glass.

Hotel Mail: 'Tis strange that we should have fresh eggs as the result of a fowl habit.

Detroit Free Press: Would it be inappropriate to wish a "king of horsemen" a long rein?

Pittsburg Dispatch: The crying need of this country is a back gate that nobody can hang a joke on.

Texas Siftings: A scriptural quotation by disgusted law students—"Haug all the law and the profits."

Baltimore American: A maiden desirous of a swaying figure can easily attain the same by brisk exercise with a swinging gate.

Shoe and Leather Reporter: What this country really needs is less scrambling for office, and more strawberries in the short-cake.

Munsey's Weekly: No, Georgiana. Because a dude sucks the head of his cane is no good reason for supposing that it is a sugar cane.

Boston Gazette: "How did you like the sermon to-day?" "Well, it was such a nod discourse that I slept through the whole of it."

Terre Haute Express: Any man who ever owned a balky horse will tell you that he found the animal exceedingly hard to get along with.

Pittsburg Chronicle: Now the Wagner matinee and Wagner night are over people will quit calling him Vogner and go back to the old pronunciation.

Boston Courier: A man knows all about the "all-gone" feeling the patent-medicine advertisements speak of just after he has lost all his money at poker.

AN ACROSTIC.

JUST a few days ago
It was a secret sweet;

UNDER the rose, it was
Whispered me then.

NOW the birds sing of it;
All the fields ring of it;

EVERY one knows it
Is summer again.

—*M. J., in Our Little Ones.*

SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY.

Eiffel is said to have gained the first idea of the tower which bears his name from sitting behind an American woman in an American theater.—*Life.*

Geoffrey—"I've lost both my collar buttons, Maria." Maria—"How singular!" Geoffrey—"No, hang it, how plural!"—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

"My dear friend, I am in despair. Alma's heart is as hard as steel." "Suppose you try it with diamonds; they are harder than steel, you know."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

A New Signal Officer—"The general assembly had perfect weather for its holiday recreation in the harbor, for which it was under obligations to the hospitality of Col. Shepard."—*The Tribune.*

The new governor of Utah was at one time a telegraph messenger boy in Pittsburg, a fact which goes far towards confirming the correctness of the Biblical contention that the race is not always to the swift.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Tom" Platt's writing an article on civil service reform for a paper under the management of "Russ" Harrison suggests the propriety of the Devil's writing an article on the different brands of holy water for the *Police Gazette.*—*Life.*

Force of Habit.—The tired-looking little school-ma'am had been obliged to give up. She had to remain away from her duties and summon a physician. "Your liver is out of order," said he gravely. "Out of order!" she repeated in a mechanical tone. "Stay after school for fifteen minutes and lose your recess for the remainder of the week."—*Merchant Traveller.*

FAIRY MIRRORS.

Each dewdrop hanging on the grass
Must be a fairy looking-glass,
Wherein the proud, delighted elves
See clear reflections of themselves,
And from rude mortal eyes withdrawn,
Make their gay toilets on the lawn.
—*Hayne, in St. Nicholas for June.*

SMALL BITS OF WISDOM.

It is better to have a permanent income than to be fascinating.

The man diligent in his business shall hold four kings.

He that winketh with his eye should take heed lest he be slewed.

Many a man has ruined his eyesight by sitting in a barroom looking for work.—*Atlanta Southern Star.*

Because you find Gilead is out of Balm it isn't well to seek a substitute in a corner saloon.

Charity covers a multitude of sins and keeps them warm and healthy.—*Rochester Herald.*

Nebbah quarrel wid yo' nabur 'kase his 'ligion don't seem soun';
Lots ob roads dat staht out diffrent wriggle roun' to de same town.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

When you're right you can't be too radical, and when you're wrong you can't be too conservative.—*Rode Philosopher.*

There is one kind of vice that never sticks to young people long enough to hurt them, and that is advice.—*Troy Press.*

He Swallowed the Cup.

Several gentlemen who have visited New York told us some time ago that in polite society in that city there obtains a pretty fashion of serving coffee in miniature cups —after-dinner coffee, it is called, as we recollect. It is deemed vulgar to serve coffee in large cups, because when a gentleman feeds he should prefer to feed delicately, and not out of a trough. We once asked Prof. Fishbladder why it was that small coffees hadn't been introduced into Chicago society, and he said that it was because they were regarded as dangerous. It seems that the Calumet club years ago *did* import a lot of these miniature cups, with a view to utilizing them for after-dinner coffee. But at the very start there befell an accident that drove the innovation out of favor. One of the wealthiest and most influential members of the club, while endeavoring to make away with his usual after-dinner coffee, swallowed the cup, and for weeks his life was despaired of. Ever since then in the best Chicago society the regulation coffee cup has been the size of a sitz-bath.—*Chicago Morning News.*

At a Low-Necked Party.

Mrs. Deshabille (to old Blunt—"Are you interested in this dressed meat question, Mr. Blunt?"

Old Blunt—"Well, Mrs. Deshabille, I s'pose inspection of shoulders is all right, but I'm in favor of dressed loins."

Another Poet of the Passion School.

The Sioux City girls are the girls for me,
For their kiss is most intense;
They've got a grip like a rotary pump
That will lift you over the fence.
—*Oil City Derrick.*

He Had Higher Aspirations.

"If you study hard, Tommy," said a fond father, "you may some day be President."

"O," replied Tommy, "I want something better than that. I want to be a famous short stop."

She Should See It Then.

"How still and calm the new moon is," exclaimed Amy feelingly.

"Yes," replied George; "it is sober now, but it will be full in two weeks."

Our New Serial Story.

NELLIE'S MARRIAGE;

WAS IT A FAILURE?

BY MRS. E. M. DAVY,

Author of "Jack Dudley's Wife," "A Prince of Como," "Between Man and Wife," etc., etc. Now first published in America.

CHAPTER IX.—THE ASSASSIN.

ON Friday morning I awoke from an unrefreshing slumber. I raised myself, feeling cold and stiff. My limbs ached, my head throbbed painfully; but far and away beyond all sense of physical suffering was the sense of intense mental depression caused by a dream. And yet the strangest part of it was I strove in vain to remember the substance of that dream I even lay down again in the old position and closed my eyes, but with no satisfactory result; all that remained of it was a vague idea that Philip had been calling to me, and that I had been struggling vainly to go to him.

As the morning advanced, the painful impression left by the forgotten dream wore off—but the feeling of dull, silent apathy remained. In a slow mechanical sort of way, hardly knowing what I did, I put on my out-door garments.

"Are ye gannin' oot, mistress?" Griffiths asked. "Man aa gan wiv ye," she continued, when I had told her that I meant to go.

She looked surprised, but did not speak. I might, with even more reason, have been surprised at myself, but I did not inquire into motives, and may as well at once confess that my actions on this particular day seemed to have passed altogether out of my own control. Dressed for walking, I descended the stairs and went into the street. The thought-reader tells the recipient to make his mind a blank, in order to receive the desired impression. I believe my mind to have been exactly in that condition. At first I walked leisurely, but with gradually increasing speed, as though some irresistible power were controlling me and drawing me onwards. I looked neither to right nor left, nor noticed the streets I threaded, but at length found myself in a crowd, which effectually stopped further progress.

The crowd was composed chiefly of rough and apparently unruly persons, from contact with whom, ordinarily, I should have shrunk. Now, however, I simply watched them, and the efforts of some policemen to keep them back.

"YOU HERE, MADAM, ALONE?"

"You here, madam—alone?" said a voice close to me; and turning, I saw Major Hamliton Higgins.

"What are all these people here for?" I asked.

"To get into court, I guess—only they can't. They'll fool around in hopes of catching a glimpse of the prisoner coming out."

"What prisoner?"

"The man arrested for the murder on the cars, who is under examination for the second time."

"In there?"

"Why, certainly. May I escort you in? I'm late, but was detained by other business. Here, you!" he said to a police officer at the door, "let me pass with this lady."

"Full, sir."

"Guess it'll be fuller by two in another half-quarter second."

"Impossible——"

"That word's out of date, young man. See this?"

After reading what was written on the paper extended to him, the officer changed his tone:

"Pity you come so late on. I'll get your Honor admitted where you'll be able to hear, but I doubt you'll not see anything."

What possessed me to enter this court in company with this man, almost a stranger to me? What force controlled me to set off to walk here when it would have seemed a thousand times more natural to remain at Charing Cross Hotel waiting for Philip? I can answer neither of these question, nor am I able to account for the strange feeling that began to creep over me as I passed through the crowd and along the passage to the court-room. I can only describe it as similar to that which I experienced on awakening from my dream; in fact, I began to associate it in some vague manner with my dream. A kind of wondering awe inspired me. Why had I come there? What was going to happen? Even while marvelling thus, I felt quite composed and calm—an unnatural calm, like that which usually precedes a storm.

The policeman had spoken the truth. The place was so full it was hardly possible to find standing room within the door.

It was the first time I had been inside a court of justice; therefore, if I fail in giving a strictly accurate account of what actually transpired, it may thus be partly accounted for, added to the fact that the chief incidents impressed me with such overwhelming force as to partially blot from my memory all else.

"Are you able to see the prisoner?" whispered the American.

"No."

"Nor I. We can see nary a thing. But we will listen."

This last I felt impelled to do. A railway witness was under examination, and I heard the following:

"It was my duty to see that the carriages were cleared, and to close the doors. When I was in the act of closing one first-class compartment, I thought I saw something inside. I put my lantern in and looked. A lady was lying right back on the seat. She did not move when I spoke, and I brought the station-master, and he called Dr. Leek, who happened to be on the platform. The doctor said she was not yet cold, but quite dead."

"Did you suspect any foul play?"

"There were signs of a scuffle having taken place. There was blood on the cushions and on the floor."

"Anything else?"

"I found a sovereign and some silver that appeared to have rolled into a corner; I also noticed that the lady's watch chain was hanging loose and broken, as if the watch had been torn away by force. I made inquiries for any suspicious persons who might have escaped, but no one appeared to have got away without giving up his ticket. I am aware it transpired at the inquest that deceased was traveling without a ticket, as none was found on her."

"Have you any previous knowledge of the prisoner?"

"No, your worship."

Dr. Leek, of the London —— hospital, was next called, and said:

"I was the first person to examine the unfortunate girl in the railway carriage. I should say she was 10 years of age. She had not been dead more than an hour, probably less. I saw evidence to lead me to believe she came to her death by strangulation. There were distinct marks on the throat, as if a hand had gripped it tightly. These marks, of course, were more visible when first seen."

The name of the next witness took me by surprise. It was Lieut. George Waldy. There was a murmur of commiseration as he went into the witness-box. His replies were almost inaudible; his voice choked with emotion.

"I am only brother to the deceased Bertha Waldy. Our father is a medical man, and has gone abroad with a patient. At this moment I have not his address. My sister lived with him at Woodside house, near Peterborough. They have not lived there long. My sister wrote to me, complaining of being dull, and wanted to join me in London. I wrote and told her she must not do so, but I would run down and see her again in a day or two. I did not expect her to come that night. Nothing was ever further from my thoughts. I suppose it was a girlish freak. She was high-spirited and full of fun. I had no idea deceased was my sister until I read the account of the inquest."

"Did you ever see the prisoner before?"

"No. And yet——"

"You are not sure? This is most important evidence. Try and recollect."

"I am trying."

"And you are still not sure?"

"Perhaps I may remember later on. But this awful——"

"Do you recognize the watch which was found in accused's possession?"

"I do. It was given by my father to my poor sister on her last birthday. The B.W. in small diamonds are her initials. I also recognize the broken chain as hers."

Elizabeth Dawson was next called. She said:

"I am housekeeper to Dr. Waldy, of Woodside House, Peterborough. I did not attend the inquest on Tuesday, but saw the body of the deceased on Wednesday, and identified it as that of Miss Bertha Waldy, my young mistress. I last saw her alive on Saturday evening, when I accompanied her to the railway station. She said she was going to join her brother in London. I did not consider it my business to inquire if he expected her. She was a young lady with a will of her own. When we reached the station, it was late. Miss Bertha jumped out of the carriage, crying, 'I'll miss the train!' and ran through towards the platform. I called a porter to take her portmanteau, and followed him in with it. But as we did so the train was moving off. I went to the ticket-office, expecting to find Miss Waldy, but it was closed, and she was not there. No one appeared to have noticed her. I concluded that by running fast she had managed to jump into the train when it was on the point of starting. I asked when the portmanteau would reach her in London, and was told not until Monday morning. There was nothing for me to do but to return, as the train Miss Waldy had gone by was the last from Peterborough that night.

"Did you think it right for a young lady to go off alone?"

"It was no business of mine, your worship. I have not lived with Dr. Waldy long."

"When did you first suspect something was wrong?"

"I got a telegram from Mr. George Waldy on Monday afternoon asking why Miss Waldy's portmanteau had been sent to him. Then I got frightened, and set off to London, to Mr. George's rooms, on Monday evening, but we could make out nothing. It wasn't till I heard about the inquest that I thought the deceased was Miss Waldy."

"Did you ever see prisoner before?"

"Never, your worship."

"Have you any reason to think the deceased knew him?"

"None whatever."

Thomas Aldis, waiter: "I was at the Crown restaurant in King's Road on the night in question, and perfectly recollect a gentleman coming in hurriedly, but did not take particular notice of him, as he went through the lavatory, and I was serving a customer at the time. In coming out, he asked me for a brandy and soda, and I remarked that he looked pale and flustered-like. It was not until Monday morning that the handkerchief stained with blood and marked P. L., was discovered in the lavatory. On further search being made, stains were found on the towels with which he had dried his hands. I next saw prisoner on the platform at King's Cross on Monday afterno

Recent Literature.

WHAT AUTHORS ARE DOING.

Fundamental Problems—The Reporter's Companion—The Isle of Palms—The Fall of Kilman Ken—The Only Way Out—Merle's Crusade —June Magazines— Literary Notes.

"Fundamental Problems.—The Method of Philosophy as a Systematic Arrangement of Knowledge," by Dr. Paul Carus, comes from The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. The work is a series of philosophical essays. For the most part they appeared in the editorial columns of the *Open Court* during the years 1888 and 1889, where they had the good fortune of being exposed to the criticisms of thoughtful readers. The ideas of the author were thus tested and further elucidated in discussion with able thinkers. Revised and re-arranged with many additions and an exhaustive index, the essays constitute a valuable companion-book to students of science and form an introduction, natural and logical, into the principles of formal philosophy. The author, as indicated by the tenor of the title and motto, objects to Supernaturalism as well as Agnosticism. The method of his philosophy is a systematic arrangement of knowledge. The vital questions of philosophy and of ethics are discussed as they find elucidation from the principles of this system; among them are the problems of "Formal Thought" (Kant's Apriori), "Causality," "The Origin of Life," "Absolute Existence," "Space and Time," "Infinitude and Eternity," "Free Will," "Ethics and Natural Science," "The Importance of Art."

From the Phonographic Institute, Cincinnati, O., comes "The Reporter's Companion," by Benn Pitman and Jerome B. Howard. The reputation of both of these gentlemen is so well established for thoroughness in the direction of stenography that it is unnecessary to recommend this little volume to those for whose use it is especially designed. Reporters will find many things which will greatly assist them in their work.

In the Fleetwing Series, published by DeWolf, Fiske & Co., Boston, comes "The Isle of Palms," by C. M. Newell, author of "The Voyage of the Fleetwing," etc. It is a story of adventures while seeking for gold, and describes an encounter with a mad whale, a battle with a devil fish, and the capture of a mermaid. The stories are told with considerable spirit.

"The Fall of Kilman Ken" by Arthur Cummings, is published by G. W. Dillingham, New York. The story opens in a mountain thoroughfare in Switzerland, and in the first chapter we obtain a brief glimpse of the heroine. In the second and third a more extended acquaintance is made with two of the prominent male characters. Thenceforward the tale moves on to a somewhat wild and unsatisfactory ending.

From Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York city, comes "The Only Way Out" by Leander S. Keyser. The story was originally published by *The Christian Herald* of New York as a serial and was received by its readers with considerable favor. It purports to be the experience and career of a young man who is an honest skeptic in matters of religion. The doubts and perplexities which perplex him are all finally solved, and he becomes a Christian and a happy man.

"Merle's Crusade" is a story by Rosa Nouchette Carey, author of "Aunt Diana," "Esther" etc. It is published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. It opens with a discussion between the heroine Merle Fenton and her Aunt Agatha regarding the former's determination to go forth into the world to seek her living and how she finally decided the matter, by going as a nurse in answer to an advertisement. The history of her after experience makes the story, which is very well written and interesting.

"The Liberal Christian Ministry," is a little book written by J. T. Sunderland, M. A., author of "What is the Bible?" and published by Geo. H. Ellis, 141 Franklin street, Boston. This is a clear presentation of the desirability of the Christian ministry as a calling for earnest young men who desire to make their future both useful and successful. He uses the adjective Liberal, because the present seems to make a new type of ministry in which there is more liberty, more thought, and more harmony with the needs of the hour, than is found in the ministry of the old bodies. It is worth these young men's reading.

"The Manual of American Water Works" has been issued by the *Engineering News*, Tribune Building, New York. This is the first issue of a work which is designed to appear annually hereafter. It is a complete description of every water-works system for domestic supply and fire protection in the United States and Canada, and to make the book to water-works men and to capitalists what "Poor's Manual of Railroads" is to railroad officials and financial circles. The individual descriptions in the body of the book give all details concerning each system, and the tables and descriptive matter in the introduction summarize the most important of these details by states and groups of states. It is the first book of the kind ever published in this country, and gives information never before known, and it cannot fail to be of great interest and use.

"Gathered Jewels" (No. 2) is the second part of a collection of Sunday school hymns and tunes by the best composers, which are especially adapted to the international Sunday school lessons. There is also a department of Christian Heart songs for devotional and praise meetings. The book is edited and published by Prof. W. A. Ogden, of Toledo, who is well known in connection with works of this kind, and whose good taste is invariable. The book can be heartily recommended for the work for which it is designed.

In Lovell's International Series, which has a weekly issue, comes in pamphlet form the following:

"Mehalah, a Story of the Salt Marshes," by S. Baring Gould;" "A Vagabond Lover," by Rita, author of "Miss Kate," etc., and "The Wing of Azrael," by Mona Caird, author of "One That Wins," etc. Frank F. Lovell & Co., 144 Worth street, New York city.

Literary Notes.

The *Publishers' Weekly*, New York, for June 1st, is full of fresh notes and current book news.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward has given up her visit to this country.

The editorial management of the *North American Review* is at present in the hands of Mr. William H. Rideing.

The fund for the benefit of the family of the late Philip H. Welch has reached nearly $10,000.

An outcome of Prof. J. P. Mahaffy's tour of Greece will be a book of the monasteries of that country.

Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston will tell in the number of *Harper's Young People* to be published on June 11 the remarkable story of Alexander H. Stephens and his dog Rio.

Margaret Deland's new novel will be entitled "Sidney Page." Though not dealing directly with theology, it will have a religious motive.

Mr. Chas. Parsons, the veteran head of the Art Department of Harper & Bros., relinquishes that post after a service of 26 years.

Wm. Isbister, London, will publish shortly Mary Hewitt's autobiography, edited by her younger daughter, Miss Margaret. It will occupy two volumes, and will be illustrated.

By the special permission of the queen of Roumania (Carmen Sylva) [London] *Life* will publish, from week to week, "Thoughts of a Queen," being daily entries made by her in her private album. The queen intends to publish the series in book-form afterwards.

One of the most elegant club-houses in New York city is that which was presented, at a cost of $200,000, to "The Players' Club," by Edwin Booth. The beauties of this magnificent shrine of dramatic art are presented to the public, for the first time, in the June number of the *Cosmopolitan* magazine.

The Boston *Traveller* tried its hand at guessing the authorship of "An Author's Love"—purporting to be the unpublished letters of Prosper Merimee's "Incenue." The *Traveller* thought Harriet Waters Preston had written the book. Mr. Brett, Macmillan & Co.'s representative in America, however, declares she is not the author. And so the work still remains the literary problem of the day. Possibly it is "Vernon Lee."

The number of *Harper's Weekly* to be published June 12 will be largely devoted to illustrations from drawings made at the scenes of the disaster in Pennsylvania. W. A. Rogers, one of the special artists sent out by the *Weekly*, was among the first representatives of the press to reach Johnstown after the disaster.

The American authors who visited Washington in March, 1888 (at the time of the readings given in that city in aid of the international copyright cause) and who were pleasantly entertained at the White House by the President and Mrs. Cleveland, have just presented Mrs. Cleveland with an interesting and beautiful souvenir of their visit, consisting of an album in which each of the authors has written his name, with bits of prose or verse attached. The collection was made by Dr. Edward Eggleston, the chairman of the executive committee of the American Copyright league.

Julia Ward Howe, whose seventieth birthday was celebrated by many of her friends on June 27 inst., is a vigorous specimen of the healthful influence of devotion to philanthropic causes. Mrs. Howe's reminiscenes of anti-slavery days, in which she was a conspicuous figure, will appear in the July number of the *Cosmopolitan* magazine, in the course of articles upon "The Great Agitation," now running in that magazine.

Cassell & Co will publish at once a collection of short stories by George Parsons Lathrop, entitled "Two Sides of a Story." The volume is made up of the author's more notable contributions to *Harper's*, *The Century* and the *Atlantic Monthly*. Whoever has read his stories in the magazines will be delighted to get them in permanent and handsome form, and their collected appearance will raise up a new equally admiring audience.

The success of co-education finds new demonstration in the fact that among the score of articles upon Michigan University, written in competition by the students of that college for the *Cosmopolitan* magazine, the prize was taken by a young lady. This article appears as the leading paper in the June number of the *Cosmopolitan*, by Miss Edith S. Sheffield, of the senior class, and its excellent quality is a high compliment to the institution, as well as to the writer.

Charles Dudley Warner discovered two years ago, in a shop in a Mexican city, specimens of pottery rivaling in brilliancy and iridescence the famous Gubbio lustres of Maestro Giorgio, who wrought in Italy in the sixteenth century. The method of producing these lustres had been reckoned among the lost arts, and during the past thirty years much money and labor had been expended in seeking the secret. Mr. Warner learned that the ware was made at the time by Indians in a secluded spot in Mexico. Miss Y. H. Addis took up the clew, and after a year of investigation learned the secret of the brilliant lustres in a remote town of Guanuxuato. She will tell the story of her discovery, and William C. Prime will explain its importance in an early number of *Harper's Magazine*.

THE BUMBASHOOT-MACKINTOSH.

A Fatal Blow Struck at the Tyranny of the Umbrella.

For many years that article which is generally in a chronic state of "lost, strayed or stolen;" that instrument of inconceivable comfort and discomfort; that paradoxical implement, the umbrella, has held despotic sway over mankind. A blow is now struck which will do much to loosen the grip of the umbrella upon the long-suffering public. The invention of the combined bumbashoot and macintosh, as illustrated in the figures here given, is novel, ingenious and useful.

FIGURE 1.

Figure 1 represents a dude clad apparently in the ordinary macintosh. There is nothing about its outward appearance to indicate that it is anything more or less than a plain, every-day rain fender.

Figure 2 represents the same dude clad in the same mackintosh, with the bumbashoot portion developed by the pulling of a string, the capote or hood having at the same time been pulled over the hat. The advantages of this invention will at once be seen. Those important upon the surface need not be mentioned. The most important is that any fellow who rejoices in the possession of a "best girl!" may literally take her under his wing, so to speak, and at the same time have both arms free. For this reason, if for no other, the combination must become a great success. Already the gilded sweet fellows who look for the latest in everything are eagerly discussing this iconoclastic invention. Soon it may be expected to add another to the many novel sights on Gotham streets.—*New York Press.*

FIGURE 2.

A VIRGINIA ROMANCE.

The District School Teacher and Her Paste Diamond.

A young Virginia girl was in Paris three or four years ago, and one morning, pour s'amuser, went to one of the jewelry shops that adorn the Palais Royal to buy a pair of imitation diamond earrings. "I will astonish the natives," remarked the young lady, "when they see me in this finery. Of course nobody who really knows me will be deceived;" for though beautiful and good, she was poor and a district school teacher. On one side of the shop, as the law directs, was a sign proclaiming that the jewels on that counter were false; on the other was another sign which stated that they were real. Our young lady bought her imitation stones for 20 francs, and went away much amused with her inappropriate purchase. Her good taste, after all, did not permit her to wear her spurious jewels, and two years passed before she put them in her pretty ears. But one night, while dressing for a fancy ball, she remembered that nothing would be so in keeping with her powdered hair and rouged cheeks as these paste diamonds.

So down into her top drawer she plunged headlong to find them. When she came up out of a muddle of handkerchiefs, love letters, old gloves, veils, satchels, hairpins, curling irons, sashes and French novels, she bore with her the two earrings—one hidden in an old veil, the other a powder box. As she imagined, they proved vastly becoming, and by their brilliancy so added to her beauty, that on her return from the ball she was vexed that one of them had become loosened and rolled down on the marble of the mirror before which she was unmasking her pretty toilet. A servant found it the next day, and another dance being in prospect, our young lady decided to take the earrings to a jeweler to have them set more securely. "Very fine diamonds you have Miss," remarked the jeweller, when he had examined the stones, "but we have a secure safe, so don't be uneasy." The young lady laughed at the witticism, and asked how much he thought her handsome jewels were worth.

She had an idea she had paid too much. "Well," said the merchant, after another prolonged examination through his magnifying glass, "I should say about $2,500, but diamonds are cheaper now, and that may be an overestimate." It turned out, to make a long story short, that the paste jewels were real diamonds, which by some chance the Persian jeweler had changed from the counter to which they belonged to the one reserved for imitation stones. In the multitude of shops in the Palais Royal it would have been impossible to have traced to which one the stones belonged, and our young lady had no idea where and of whom they were bought. It was a distressing situation, and she still has the stones, which proved so inappropriate for a district school teacher that she has lived up to them by marrying a man so rich that he has given her a necklace to match.

Why Alfred Went to School.

A little bit of precocity who is just experiencing his first season at school, and looking forward to vacation, does not take kindly to the educational restraints imposed during school hours. A lively mite of mischievous humanity, he does not prove as amenable to discipline as the teacher would like, and the other day the teacher, grown out of patience with his frequent infractions of school rules, called him to her, and said, sternly: "Alfred, what do you suppose you attend school for?" "To keep out out of mischief at home, so ma says," was the prompt and candid response.—*Boston Budget.*

THE FASHION.

Scribner's.

CLARA—"I'm so afraid, dear, the Duke, your father, won't consent to our marriage."
LORD LONGBRANCH—"Oh, he's all right. He gave his consent in other cases, and they were only English girls.

ACHES OF HEAD AND HEART.

The Brain Demands Rest, While the Heart Needs Exercise.

There are a good many kinds of headache. In these days the nervous headache is a very distinct variety. It is generally in the front of the head, across the forehead, over the eyes. But it may be in other parts—at the top of the head, at one or both sides, at the back or all over. It is painful, depressing, disabling. A man feels, at the height of the paroxysm, like a hunter who has galloped his legs clean off, and who could not leap a three-foot ditch to save his life. The spur is of no use, neither is the whip. The pain in the head is worse to bear than either, and the patient will rather endure both whip and spur than make any kind of effort which will make the head pain worse. Physics by itself is of no use. There is not a single drug known to medical science which will of itself at once and permanently cure a nervous headache. On the other hand, drugs are not always needed. A complete change of air and circumstances will usually take away the pain in ten or twelve hours. Perfect rest, of a duration proportioned to the severity and long continuance of the symptoms, will make the cure permanent. There are, of course, methods of relieving or diminishing the pain until such time as it may be possible to obtain the complete rest.

But the rest is the thing to be secured at all costs. If not, the pain goes from bad to worse, and the risk from less to greater.

The final consequence it is impossible to predict, except that a breakdown is sooner or later inevitable, and the breakdown may be for a year or for a lifetime. A nervous headache is a danger-signal; if it be frequent, the danger is increased; if it be continuous, a catastrophe is imminent. The driver must put on his brake at all hazards, or he will probably soon have a leap for his life. There are very few sets of circumstances in which it is a man's duty to go on with his work when he is in this condition, at all risks. Even a threatened bankruptcy had better be risked than a threatened life. Besides, a man who is in the unyielding grip of a permanent nervous headache is not really the best judge of his own circumstances. He magnifies and distorts things amazingly. He takes counsel of his fears and abandons his hopes and courage altogether. Rest, we repeat—immediate and sufficient rest—is the very first remedy. A fortnight at once may be better than a year six weeks hence.

A weak heart seems to be decidedly more practically inconvenient than a weak head. If a man or woman be a little feeble around the region of the brain it is generally of little moment. Some post or other will be provided for the conduct respectable; and lack of brains is too common to excite any particular attention either in the person concerned or in those about him. But a weak heart insists upon putting itself in evidence at all sorts of convenient and inconvenient times. If its possessor finds himself rather late for his morning train, and makes a "spurt" to recover lost time, the exertion is usually followed by such a "bad quarter of an hour" that he resolves in future rather to loose a dozen trains than to risk temporary suffocation or permanent syncope again. The practical evils which are associated with a feeble heart are innumerable, and will readily suggest themselves to those who possess so unsatisfactory a pumping engine.

Weak hearts are by no means so common as is often supposed. Many a man who thinks he has got one is merely dyspeptic; many a woman owes her symptoms to tight-lacing or insufficient feeding. If the dyspepsia be cured, or the tight-lacing be dispensed with, the symptoms of heart weakness will disappear. Even when the heart is genuinely "weak," the weakness is not always due to special disease of that organ. It may be only part of a general weakness of the whole system, which is easily curable. The late Sir Robert Christison, one of the most eminent of British physicians, used to smile at certain persons who were always complaining of weak hearts. "Gentlemen," he would say to his students when lecturing on digitalis; "gentlemen, the best tonic for a weak heart is a good brisk walk." Not a doubt that the vast majority of weak, flabby hearts are weak and flabby because every other muscle in the body is weak and flabby, and this general weakness and flabbiness is due to want of vigorous use. Exercise of the legs and back and arms gives additional and much needed exercise to the heart, and the heat grows strong by vigorous exercise exactly as every other muscular organ does, for the heart is a muscle. If a man has no organic disease of the heart, no enlargement and no functional disorder, plenty of brisk walking, with occasional running, will soon dispel his breathlessness and heart weakness, other things being equal. The muscular inactivity of the modern town man is the parent of more ill-health than any other single cause whatever.—*The Hospital.*

The Unfamiliar.

Without especial reason, except that it is unfamiliar, we are all disposed to avoid good that comes in unusual guise; and it matters not that it is unusual good.

Nevertheless this is natural; it is right to be careful and conservative. It saves a great deal of trouble. In the end, the endorsement of careful people, which is sure to come if the merits of the case demand it, is all the more valuable.

Such, at least, are our views after twenty years experience with Compound Oxygen.

What could be more hearty than the following:

CHICAGO, ILL., April 24, 1884.
"You ask my opinion of Compound Oxygen; perseveringly and continuously used, it will work wonders."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*
WILLIAM PENN NIXON.

OSWEGO, N. Y., Oct. 30, 1885.
"Compound Oxygen has greatly benefited me. Under God it has given me new life."
REV. JOHN C. BREAKER.

FLEMINGTON, N. Y., Oct. 31, 1885.
"I regard Compound Oxygen as nature's strong right hand for repairing bodily waste and damage."
REV. J. C. SUNDERLIN.

ALMA, NEB., Feb. 13, 1888.
"I do unhesitatingly say that Compound Oxygen will cure catarrh."
HON H. C. GRIFFITH.

COLUMBIA, S. C., March 13, 1888.
"I am satisfied that the Compound Oxygen is an excellent remedy."
DR. O. A. DARBY,
President of Columbia Female College.

We publish a brochure of 200 pages regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis dyspepsia, catarrh, bay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia; all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent free of charge, to any one addressing DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Phila., Pa.; or 120 Sutter street, San Francisco, Cal.

The Latest Agony.

Fweddy (to clerk)—Have you any—aw—dawk hazel umbwellas?

Clerk—Dark hazel? I'm afraid not. I never heard of such a color for an umbrella. We have black, blue, gray, lilac, green and a dozen other tints. Won't any of these do?

Fweddy (with disgust)—Come, Cholly, we'll twy some othah place. I cawn't get anything in this blawsted shop to match the shade of me eyes, bah Jove!—*Chicago Tribune.*

ST. JACOBS OIL

THE CHAMPION OARSMEN,
TEEMER AND HANLAN,
USE NO OTHER REMEDY FOR
Sprains, Strains, Soreness, Stiffness, Aches and Pains.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

THE GRASSHOPPERS ARE COMING.

Thousands of Acres in Minnesota Covered With Their Eggs.

Prof. Otto Lugger, of the State Experimental Station, returned yesterday from Perham, Otter Tail county, which he has made the seat of war he is waging on the grasshoppers. He went to St. Paul for a consultation with Gov. Merriman on the work he is doing, and will return to the fields of Otter Tail county this morning. He finds grasshoppers' eggs in abundance and reported that he was having good success smothering the young before they are large enough to do any damage.

Under a recent act of the legislature $2,000 was appropriated to be used in ridding the state of the grasshoppers if they made their appearance. Prof. Lugger thinks this is a wise stroke of law-making, as he was thus enabled to take them in time and save the serious handicap which he had last year.

Prof. Lugger was at the state farm and talked to a *Tribune* reporter about the 'hoppers yesterday afternoon. He has been for some weeks going over the fields in Perham, Battle Lake, Frazee City, and Otter Tail examining the ground and condemning such as he found infested with the larvæ of the locusts. A large force of men are at work under his direction, and when they quit work Saturday they had plowed under about 4,000 acres of soil which was thickly sown with these eggs. The eggs are about twice as large as a pin-head, and the hoppers when first they hatch are lively little black fellows about half as large as a small grain of wheat. In plowing the object is not to destroy the eggs, but to get them so deeply in the earth that when they hatch the young hoppers will find themselves buried alive and will die before they see daylight. Before the soil is broken the eggs lie in little cell-like holes dug by the hopper that lays them, to a depth of half, three-fourths, or sometimes an inch. The cells are oval shaped, and have an opening directed to the air and sunshine, through which the young hopper comes, ready to begin his career of hopping. Dry weather for a few days will help his growth wonderfully and put him in shape to get his own living at the expense of the thrifty farmers who live in his own and the adjoining townships.

"Everything was favorable to the hoppers last season," Prof. Lugger said, "the dry autumn and warm winter being just the best conditions for their successful propagation. And the dry weather this spring helps them along. When we have broken the ground a good, heavy rain would put the soil in such a condition that there would be no possibility of their ever seeing daylight, but, unfortunately, the rain the other day in that part of the state which is affected with the pest was light."

Prof. Lugger said that the high winds which scattered the earth in all directions as it was broken, was also a good thing for him hoping to find no trouble in some parts of the district where the work had been in progress was blinding, and the eggs had been scattered far and wide.

The professor had brought down with him several samples of the eggs, and he had them planted in some dirt in a box with a glass over it. They were hatching in fine shape, and a score or more of the little locusts were hopping about as lively as crickets. The hatching season has just begun, and the first ones to put in an appearance in the fields were noticed three days ago. The season will last for about two weeks longer, and whatever was done in the way of plowing would have to be done within that time.

"Will you be able to kill out the hoppers to such an extent that they will not be likely to do much damage?" was asked.

"I think so," says Prof. Lugger. "I must hurry back there to-morrow, for the critical time will come during the next four-ten days. Cannot tell just how effective the work will be, but I would have had the winds I spoke of, but if we could have a good, soaking rain it would be just what we want."—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

Something New in the Bat Line.

Hardly had our nerves gained their wonted composure after the terrible excitement produced by Mr. Bealey's account of a large snake which he encountered, on his way to Eastman a few days since, when Mr. Ed. Carnes, an attache of this paper and a highly reputable young man, walked into the office and deposited a "red bat" on our table. His account of its capture is substantially as follows:

Mr. Carnes had just left home on his way to the office, about 6:30 o'clock, and when opposite Mr. Woodward's garden something came whizzing through the air and lit on the outside of the fence in the street. The object came so close to his head that it frightened him, but after it had lit he determined to investigate it. He approached the spot where it lay very cautiously. He discovered it to be a bird, and it lay motionless—probably stunned by the fall—and he picked it up, wrapped it carefully in a paper, and brought it down to the office, where it is now on exhibition.

It is of reddish color, and while it made a noise in its descent similar to that of the common bull bat, in all other respects it is entirely dissimilar. Its length is about six inches, and from its head to its tail there is little if any difference in width. Its head is as broad as that portion of the body to which the wings are attached, and little if any neck is visible. It has thus far refused to eat, and lies perfectly still, the only visible signs of life being an occasional blinking of the eyes.—*Eastman Times.*

She Wanted a Man.

"I promise you one thing," said the beautiful maiden as she hung to his coat lapel,

"I promise you this, that when I am your wife I shall study your comfort."

"You will, my darling?"

"Ah! won't I!"

"And in what way, my sweetheart?"

"Well, I'll never bake bread myself, but always get it from the bakehouse."

"Glorious!"

"But in return for that—"

"Yes?"

"And for all my wifely love—"

"Yes?"

"And that I shall seek to promote your comfort in everything—"

"Yes?"

"You will give up your clubs and your associates who keep you out late at night, and devote all your attention to me, cherish me, love me as you love me now, think me as sweet and as beautiful as you think me now—you will do all that?"

"By Jove, I will!"

"Then, George, I reject you."

"What?"

"Yes, I reject you. I want to marry a man, not an angel."—*Boston Courier.*

That Tired Feeling

Afflicts nearly every one in the spring. The system having become accustomed to the bracing air of winter, is weakened by the warm days of the changing season, and readily yields to attack of disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine needed. It tones and builds up every part of the body, and also expels all impurities from the blood. Try it this season.

Primitive Dressmaking.

A few days ago an Oldtown squaw went into an Oldtown dry goods store where she purchased a cheap dress pattern, together with needles, thread and a thimble. After the purchase she asked to be allowed to go into a rear room to "sew sometin little," as she expressed it, but the room being occupied she was told to pass up the stairs and into a vacant room. After a while the saleswoman softly stole up to see what she was about, but as she was seated on the floor and busily engaged in plying a needle she did not disturb her. In one hour she again made her appearance, and, to the surprise of all, she wore the dress, and also a very triumphant air.—*Bangor (Me.) Commercial.*

—Cleanse the scalp from scurf and dandruff; keep the hair soft and of a natural color by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar

The Chief Reason for the marvellous success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the fact that this medicine actually accomplishes all that is claimed for it. Its real merit has won **Merit Wins** for Hood's Sarsaparilla a popularity and sale greater than that of any other blood purifier. It cures Scrofula, all Humors, Dyspepsia, etc. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

GREAT DISASTERS

RECORDED IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY

The Johnstown Catastrophe in Common With Others—Valuable Information in Condensed Form.

The disaster at Johnstown, Pa., must be ranked among the worst of its kind in many centuries. Certainly no other involving in a similar way so great a destruction of life ever occurred on the Western continent. Indeed, one in order to find instances on the same awful scale will probably have to go as far as China, where such visitations are sometimes of a magnitude to almost baffle belief.

Never before since the Noachian deluge where perhaps 2,000,000 persons whelmed in a flood as in 1887, when the "Yellow river," flowing through the most populous districts of the Chinese empire, burst its barriers and swept scores of great cities and hundreds of villages, not to mention innumerable scattered habitations, to utter ruin. Later still a flood in the province of Yunn in another part of China wrought like though not so disastrous an infliction.

Once or twice within the last few years the overflow of rivers, due to long continued rains, in Austria have produced results more nearly resembling the fate which befell Johnstown and the neighboring communities. Every year one reads of widely destructive floods in various parts of the world, but usually the signs of danger are read in time, so that imperilled humanity is enabled to reach a place of safety. Usually, then, the devastation in such cases is confined chiefly to property, while the death rate is comparatively small.

Earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, owing generally to the suddenness of their occurrence, have always been most terrible agents of destruction. The burial of Pompeii and Herculaneum in 79 A. D. is now one of the most familiar references in history. More than 200,000 persons, it is estimated, perished in that awful disaster. The present generation has not forgotten the eruption of Krakato, in the straits of Sunda, causing the destruction of 100,000 lives, and heard 2,000 miles away, which sent a tidal wave across the Pacific, and the ashes from which whose explosion produced almost the darkness of night hundreds of miles distant.

But earthquakes have probably done more than almost any other phenomenon of nature to render life and property insecure. The record of these visitations is indeed a long and appalling one. In 742 an earthquake, felt chiefly in what is known as Asia Minor, destroyed 500 or 600 towns, and the loss of life is declared by history to have been incalculable. In 1268 more than 60,000 persons were killed in the province of Cilicia, in the same quarter of Asia. A brief summary of the loss of life affected by some of the earthquakes more nearer to the present time is as follows: 40,000 at Naples in 1456; 30,000 at Lisbon in 1531; 70,000 in southern Italy in 1626; 80,000 at Schamaki in 1667; more than 100,000 in Sicily in 1693, 200,000 at Jeddo, Japan, in 1703; 100,000 at Pekin, China, in 1720; 76,000 at Lima and Callao, Peru, in 1746; 40,000 at Grand Cairo in 1731; 50,000 at Lisbon in 1755; 40,000 in northwestern South America in 1797; 12,000 at Caraccas in 1812; 20,000 in Aleppo, in Syria, in 1822; 5,000 at Cape Haytien, St. Domingo, in 1842; 14,000 in southern Italy in 1851; 5,000 at Quito, Equador, in 1859; 7,000 in Mendoza, Argentine Republic, in 1861, and 30,000 in Peru and Ecuador in 1868. From 1783 to 1857, inclusive, the kingdom of Naples in Italy lost 111,000 inhabitants, or more than 1,500 a year through earthquakes. Other losses of recent years may be recalled: 1881, 4,000 persons in Scio; 1883, Casamicciola, isle of Ischia, destroyed, 2,000 to 3,000 killed; in 1884 and 1885, terrible earthquakes visited Spain and thousands of lives were lost. The convulsion of August 31, 1886, by which Charleston, S. C., was partly destroyed, causing a loss of several hundred lives and $5,000,000 in property, is still vividly remembered.

These disasters are simply beyond the power of imagination to depict. One may possibly realize what the loss of 100,000 lives must mean, for he may compare the number with the living of some well-known city, but not the agony of apprehension and the suffering endured, nor the wide-spread desolation of cities and towns and hamlets blotted out of existence. Well may many ask where next the bolt of destruction will fall? Yesterday it struck Germany or Bohemia; to-day it lights in a peaceful, happy, prosperous Pennsylvania valley; to-morrow will it come nearer where the reader of the awful Johnstown calamity lives?—*Troy Times.*

Brilliant Flesh Tint.

He had conceived an idea for a great classical picture, and he hired a stalwart gentleman of toil to pose for the muscular figure required for the center of the picture. He painted for days and days, and he thought whenever he had his model before him that he had never seen such rich flesh tints before. And he studied those flesh tints and worked until he had got them perfect. Then he called his brother artists in and showed them the picture.

"Those flesh tints don't seem quite right. Where did you get them?"

"They're rich, aren't they? But they're from nature. They're from my model."

"Well, they don't look quite natural."

The last touch had been given and the model had come to pose for the last time. When he stripped his torso, and took his position the painter stared aghast. The brilliant flesh tints had vanished and he was a plain, ordinary flesh-colored individual.

"How's this? What's the matter with you?"

"What?"

"You've changed your skin. It used to be redder than that."

"Oh, that was from the red undershirt I used to wear, and I had a bath this morning."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A Runaway Railroad Train.

Nate Hager, the engineer of the locomotive that brings the "flyer" into this city from the west, had an unusual experience yesterday, which but one or two others on the train which steamed into the station on time knew about. The train ran away with Nate, because the air brakes failed to work.

When the flyer reached West Albany it had but six minutes to get into the station here to make up its time. The grade from West Albany is steep and the train came dashing down the hill, impetus being added by the speed attained before the grade was reached. The train flew along until the Broadway viaduct was reached, three minutes having been consumed from West Albany to that point, thus giving ample time to run into the station on time. At the viaduct the engine was reversed, but the train slid along at a rapid pace until the up-grade south of Spencer street was encountered, and then the engineer had his charge under control once more.—*Albany Journal.*

A Family Jewel.—Dr. David Kennedy, the celebrated Surgeon of Rondout, N. Y., will send you his illustrated book, "How to Cure Kidney, Liver and Blood Diseases," upon receipt of a 2-cent stamp. It also contains two stories written by Ned Buntline.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

ROUSSEAU'S RAID.

COMRADE DAN KNIGHT, FIFTH IOWA CAV.

FULL and comprehensive account of this famous raid I cannot give at this late day, but will contribute this sketch, containing the main points, for the benefit of those comrades who have requested a recital of that military event. It is now 25 years since those five regiments of cavalry swept through Alabama and Georgia, a veritable cyclone of destruction.

We left Decatur, Ala., July 10, arriving at the picket line of Sherman's army, near Atlanta, July 22, more dead than alive. The men who composed those five regiments will always bear the marks of that trip—the twelve days' service for Uncle Sam—either in disabled limbs or broken-down constitutions. But it was a case of dire necessity, and when ordered to go, we went with a vim that sent the traitors scurrying out of our path. When that devoted band of patriots arrived at Sherman's lines, their track of devastation extended 300 miles. Railroads, bridges, army supply trains and wagons, all were left in ashes, and an army superior in numbers to our own was forced to surrender at the crossing of the Tallapoosa.

The rebels were commanded by Gen Clanton. Our commander was Gen. Lovel H. Rousseau, one of Kentucky's loyal men. A better soldier or braver man never wore the blue. I was attached to the escort while on the raid, and saw the general in camp, on the march, and in battle. He was the same at all times and in all places.

When we reached the Tallapoosa, Gen. Clanton's force was posted on the opposite side of the river, ready to receive us. Gen. Rousseau had a fire started near the ferryboat, to appear as if it was being burned. He then hurried down the river to a ford, nine miles below, but left the 9th Ohio regiment in ambush at the boat. As soon as the rebels saw us leaving and going in the direction of the ford, they started for the same destination to head us off. As soon as the rebels had left the vicinity of the ferryboat, the 9th Ohio immediately crossed the river and started in pursuit. Reaching the ford about noon, we found the Johnnies there ready to dispute our passage across the river. They cheered us loudly when we drew up to the river bank. Capt. Watters, of the 5th Iowa, pushed ahead to a small island in midstream, and opened a rattling fusillade on the rebels, who returned the fire, and the bullets whistled around us lively for a time. The 4th Tenn. Major Severs was preparing to take the ford by storm, and the Johnnies, intent on watching our movements, took no precautions to protect their rear, and the first intimation they had of danger in that direction, was a volley from the Ohio boys, who, with a wild cheer, came charging into their midst. The rebels, panic-stricken, threw down their arms, and before they could realize what had occured, we were climbing up the bank ready to interview them on the folly of not guarding their rear. General Clanton surrendered. He stated that his command numbered about 2,000 men. They scattered in every direction. As we had many horses and few guards, and boys allowed them to go, first compelling them all to break the stocks of their guns. This was one of the victories scarcely recorded in history, though Horace Greeley, in his "American Conflict," makes a mere mention of the event.

We not only burned bridges, but we destroyed millions of dollars worth of supplies intended for use by the rebel army. We fought nearly every day while on the raid. We fought three battles, one of which lasted two hours, mostly a hand-to-hand encounter. I have reference to Col. Patrick's fight at Loachapoka. With the 7th Iowa and 4th Tenn., we met a portion of Jackson's cavalry near Loachapoka, and, dismounting his men, he fought the rebels for two hours, part of the time at close quarters. But the confederate force outnumbered Col. Patrick's men, and flanked him at both ends. His men were nearly surrounded when Col. Harrison with the 5th Iowa, 2nd and 9th Ohio, and 4th Tenn., reinforced, we drove the rebels from their position. But the 5th Iowa and 4th Tenn. suffered terribly, losing over 50 killed and wounded during the scrimmage. Being with the colonel's escort I did not arrive until the battle was over with, but it was a sad sight to see our dead and wounded comrades, side by side, at their post of duty. They clung to the ground they had tried to defend, and gave their lives rather than yield one inch. The Patrick fight was our last of any consequence. We were nearly dead for want of sleep. The last three days and nights we scarcely stopped to feed our tired horses more than a few minutes the boys would trudge along by the side of their horses, often dividing their Johnny-cakes with the hungry animals. Many times I slipped the bridle bits from my horse's mouth and allowed him to help himself to a portion of a corn cake I had procured from some wayside house. The confidence that existed between a cavalryman and his horse was something truly wonderful.

When we had arrived inside Sherman's picket line the strain we had endured during the twelve-day raid relaxed. All were then safe, and we dropped to the ground, and for six hours' slept as if the entire command were dead—horses and men.

HELPED HIM OUT.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—When we were lying at Cairo, Ills., in the spring of 1864, waiting to go on board a transport that was to convey us up the Tennessee river, to join Sherman's army, then marching on to Atlanta, Ga., an amusing incident occurred. We had stacked our guns on the levee, and were waiting for further orders. It was raining—it always rained at Cairo, the boys used to say. As it was about 5 o'clock p. m., Comrade Ed Riley suggested that we go and get supper before going on board the boat. We were returning from a 30-day veteran furlough, and I venture the remark that all the boys can vouch for the truth of the statement, when I say that we were "financially embarrassed." As soon as Riley suggested supper, one of the boys asked who would pay the bill. "I'll fix that all right," said Riley. So a squad of ten marched up street to a restaurant, where we procured an excellent meal.

When we had finished eating Comrade Riley inquired of the proprietor what the bill was, and was told 75 cents each, or $7.50. "I can't pay that price," said Ed. "We came from a land where a man can fill up for 25 cents."

While Riley and the proprietor of the eating house were disputing about the payment of the bill, Corporal Frank Delany told one of our number to return to the levee and get a couple of guns, which was the work of but a moment. He then detailed a guard from the squad that had taken dinner (?) at the meal, marched into the restaurant, and

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the inmates of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

"Dark Days" in History.

"A Reader," ——, asks: "Please give a full account of a notably dark day, which it is said occurred sometime in the year 1780, together with the cause or causes of the unusual darkness, so far as known, and the extent and duration of the darkness. Also a similar account of any other dark days that have occurred."

The "dark day" first mentioned occurred in New England on May 19, 1780. The darkness became as great as it ordinarily is on a clear night. Candles were lighted in houses, and many superstitious people were greatly alarmed, dropped their labors, and betook themselves to religious devotions. It appears that, with regard to the state of the atmosphere preceding this remarkable darkness, it was noticed in many sections, for several days before, that the air seemed to be of smoky and vaporous character. The sun and moon exhibited an unusual color, and divested of their usual brightness and lucid aspect. The time of the commencement of this extraordinary darkness was between the hours of 10 and 11 in the forenoon of Friday, and continued until the middle of the following night. The morning was cloudy and darkish, and the sun, rising towards the zenith, gave no increase of light, as usual, but on the contrary, the darkness continued to increase throughout the day. The colour of objects was peculiarly dismal. That of the clouds was compounded of a faint red, yellow and brown—that, during the darkness objects which commonly appear green, were of the deepest green verging to black, and that blood which appear white were tinged with yellow. In most places thunder was heard a number of times in the morning. The clouds soon began to rise from the southwest, with a gentle breeze, and there were small showers before 8 o'clock. The water that fell was found to have an unusual character, being thick, dark and sooty. The rain-water which people saved in tubs, was the subject of universal and wonderingremark. On examining the water, there was found a light scum upon it, which, on being rubbed between the thumb and finger, seemed to resemble the black ashes of burnt leaves; the water also gave the same strong sooty smell, which characterized the air. There is no doubt but that the upper air was charged with the smoke of burning forests, probably many miles removed. The quantities of the smoke there becoming less (it was noted that the barometer fell considerably) this smoke came earthward, and was mingled with the heavy rain clouds.

A great many "dark days" have been chronicled, the most ancient being in 295 B. C., and A. D. 252, 746 and 775. England had "dark days" in Jan., 1807, and October 21, 1846. Detroit had one on Oct. 19, 1763. Another remarkable one was in Canada, Oct. 16, 1863. London is subject to them, because of the fog and smoke. They are all doubtless due to very heavy, thick clouds, mingled with smoke.

Duties of the Postmaster General.

V. C. S., New Virginia, Iowa, asks: "What is the use of a Postmaster General or his assistants, and of paying them big salaries, when a congressman can do the appointing of postmasters?"

It seems incredible that you should suppose the appointment of postmasters the only duty of the Postoffice department. Perhaps a brief synopsis of its duties will give you a more comprehensive idea of a great governmental department. The Postmaster General has supervision of the entire postal system; makes postal treaties with foreign governments, and directs the management of the foreign and domestic mail service.

The First Assistant Postmaster General has the establishment, discontinuance, change of name or site of postoffices; the appointment of postal clerks and mail messengers on railways; seeing that postmasters give bonds and oaths, filing and recording them, etc., adjusting the salaries of postmasters, the rent of postoffices, fuel, lights, clerk hire, etc.; supervision of the railway mail service; contracts for carrying the mails, and makes changes in the mail carrying service; has the work of investigating all complaints of failure of mails, delinquencies of contractors, etc.; the issuing of mail pouches and tacks, of mail locks and keys, etc.

The Third Assistant Postmaster General has charge of all mail and postoffice accounts, and keeps an account with every postmaster; issues all postage stamps, stamped envelopes, newspaper wrappers, and postal cards, registered letter envelopes, etc.

Besides these there are other divisions of the department, under control of the Postmaster General; such as the foreign mail carrying, the entire money order system, and the dead letter office. There is an amount of necessary work in the department utterly beyond the comprehension of one who has not some familiarity with the enormous postal system, with its thousands of employes all over the country. The appointment of postmasters is the smallest fraction of the duties of the department.

To transact all this this necessary business, it requires about 600 subordinates in the Postoffice department at Washington, besides nearly 100 inspectors, etc. The Postmaster General and his subordinates do not hold sinecures, by any means.

Private Township Roads in Ohio.

J. P. D., Dupont, O., asks: "Will the petitioners have to pay the costs of surveying and locating a private township road 30 feet wide which begins at a county road and ends at a farm, or does the township pay such costs?"

Section 4672, revised Statutes of Ohio, provides that if, for his own or his neighbors' convenience, any person desires a township road laid out, he may petition the township trustees, giving 30 days' previous notice by bills posted at three public places in the township. Sec. 4674 provides that the trustees shall cause the petitioner to enter into bond, with surety, that he will pay all costs of view and survey. Section 4674 provides for the appointment of three viewers and a surveyor, to locate the road, and determine the compensation, if any, to be paid to the owner of land through which the road shall run. Section 4675 makes the provisions of chapter 2, as to notice to land owner, etc., apply to this case. Section 4676 prescribes the items of the report of the viewers. Section 4647 declares that the trustees shall, if the viewers report favorably, and they think it reasonable and just, and being satisfied that the compensation and damages have been paid or secured to be paid by the petitioner, shall order the road opened, the same to be considered a private township road, to be opened and repaired at the expense of the applicants therefor; "and all costs accruing under this section shall be paid by the persons making application for the road."

United States Bounty.

E. J. F., Toledo, O., desires to know what bounty is due him, he claiming never to have received any. He claims to have served in the 14th Ohio up to February, 1864, when he was discharged at New Albany, Ind., for gunshot wound in right arm.

All enlisting after April 12, 1861, and before December 24, 1863, for two or three years, were entitled to $100 bounty, provided that they were mustered out thereat of enlistment under act of July 22, 1861; but, by the act of March 3, 1863, if discharged by reason of wounds received in the line of duty, they were entitled to the same bounty as though they had completed their terms of enlistment. By the act of July 28, 1866, all who served two years or over, or who were discharged by reason of wounds received in the line of duty, were entitled to $100 additional, making $200 in all. Under the circumstances you relate, you were entitled to $200 in all. The first $100 you should have received when you were discharged. How does it come that your name does not appear on the roster of the 14th Ohio? We have examined it carefully, but it is not there.

Surviving Union Soldiers—Logan Never a Rebel.

F. H. F., Woodruff, Ind.: 1.—We have not a list. 2.—The actual soldiers of the Union probably numbered about 1,800,000, of whom 1,500,000 were alive at the time mentioned. As to method of computing with accuracy the number still living, but it is certainly not less than 700,000. It may even reach 900,000. This conclusion is drawn from certain well known facts. The young soldiers generally young, many regiments maintain organizations which show their yearly losses, and the records of the pension office are valuable guides. The census to be taken next year will enhance these then living. 3.—Logan did not enlist men for the rebel army at the beginning of the war. The story to that effect is an old campaign lie. He was a Representative in Congress, which was convened by Mr. Lincoln in extra session on July 4, 1861. It adjourned on August 6, and Logan at once went to recruiting the 31st Illinois, in which he enlisted as a private. He began raising men around his home, where there had previously been attempts to induce men to enter the rebel service, and a few had crossed the Ohio and enlisted in the 13th Tennessee, rebel. Logan's appearance turned the scale, and on November 13, 1861, the 31st Illinois was mustered in, and Logan chosen its colonel.

Water Power Not Stronger at Night.

T. E. T., Onyx, Miss., writes: "Much has been said by your correspondents about a water wheel having more power and velocity at night than in the day. It is a favorite topic with people who take things for granted.

"The writer has repeatedly tried this experiment with a first-class turbine wheel (a Leffel,) and found in all his trials that the wheel made no more revolutions per minute in the night than in the day, with same head of water. He has tried it after dark and before day and in the day, and has never found the variation of a single revolution.

"The fact is, there is no difference. The long stillness of the night, the absence of all surrounding noises, gives to the ear an assumption that the mill runs faster, but when the watch is held the illusion vanishes."

X. X. X., Toledo, also writes: "I would like to ask when, where, and by whom any reliable experiments have been made by a competent expert to establish the alleged fact, or is it a widely disseminated fiction of the imagination? A certain person once set a scientific convention by the ears by asking them the question, 'Why a pail of water weighed no more after a fish had been put into it than before?' After a long discussion it occurred to a member to ascertain if the allegation was true before hunting for reasons for it, which resulted in a demoralized convention."

We do not believe the fact to be as stated, and we shall close the discussion until some one can send us the proof that a water-wheel, under the same gate and with the same head, does more work at night than in the daytime.

Red Snow.

O. W., Buena Vista, Colo., writes that on May 16, about 10 a.m., a heavy snow-squall passed over that place, and shortly after they noticed an area 30 or 40 feet square, on which the snow was a beautiful red color. The snow melted in a few minutes, and it disappeared. The cause of the phenomenon is asked.

Snow is occasionally tinged black, yellow, red or green, the colors being due to microscopic organisms, and red by far the most common. The most recent authority on this difficult subject is Restafinski, whose researches were published in 1875. He considers the color due to microscopic plants, allied to the algæ, or seaweeds; he gave these plants the generic name of *hæmatococcus*. Ehrenberg, the famous microscopist, in 1847, besides these also found animalcules in snow, the one most abundant in red snow being called by him *phiodina rosea*. The plant which gives the color to red snow consists of a single cell. Each of these divides, and each of these in turn, so that in a short time a large area can be covered by the growth.

Replies by Mail.

J. M. J., Virginia, Mo., and others: There are some of our friends who think that because there are certain queries which we will not answer in the Bureau (covered by Rules 2, 3, 4 and 5 above), that we will answer them by mail. Consequently they send stamped, self-addressed envelopes with questions, asking us to reply by mail. We can not do this. It may seem discourteous to say so, but no discourtesy is meant. If we answered one person by mail, we would have to answer all who asked us to do so, in order to deal fairly; and the result would be that the editor of the Bureau would have anywhere from a dozen to a hundred letters to answer every day, which would be impossible. Don't send us mail replies, friends. Remember, the sending of a stamp is never recognized as rendering a reply obligatory. If a question is prohibited by any of the above rules, it will not be answered by mail. If it is a proper question, it will be answered in the Bureau.

To The Paris Exposition.

W. M. W., Mason, Mich.: 1.—To go to the Paris Exposition, go by rail to Detroit, and thence to New York. Your station agent can tell you the price of tickets to New York. The cheapest you can go by steamer is $64.50 from New York to Paris, second cabin; round trip, New York to Paris and return, $117. This includes steamer to Havre, thence by rail to Paris. A modest sleeping-room in Paris will cost you $1 per day; food, $1 a day, and as much more as you like to pay. We do not know the cost of tickets to the Exposition, but should think $1 a day would cover them, car fare, etc. Remember that the places by steamer are taken long in advance, and even now you can not get berths for land-lubbers before August. 2.—We presume the French prisoners at Waterloo were paroled and sent home. 3.—The term "Johnny Reb," applied to a confederate soldier, originated in the Union camps—how or when no one knows.

A Young Man's Perplexity.

S. P. S., Hillsdale, Mich.: The young lady's conduct is somewhat mysterious, when the fact is considered that she is engaged to you; but, as a gentleman, honestly by you, and forbid that her motives are right and proper, and that she is dealing honestly by you. Never allow yourself to attribute to a lady improper or unworthy conduct. The best way to do, it seems to us, is to treat her exactly as if nothing had happened and never refer to the matter unless she voluntarily brings it up. If she desires to break the engagement she will tell you so herself. Avoid all taps, do not have a quarrel about the matter. Be kind, gentlemanly and forbearing. No doubt the lady will tell you all about it of her own accord.

Emancipation Days—End of Slavery.

T. P. M., Stockdale, Tex.: 1.—Why do the negroes celebrate June 19 as Emancipation Day? We never knew that they did. The only dates they celebrate are: August 1, the date of the emancipation of the slaves in the British West Indies; September 22, in honor of the issuing of Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, on Sept. 22, 1862, which went into effect on Jan. 1, 1863. 2.—Slavery did not cease legally in the United States in any state excepted by Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, until the adoption of the thirteenth amendment, which was officially proclaimed Dec. 18, 1865. The only June dates that we recall in connection with the history of the nation are: June 9, 1862, a law was passed by Congress declaring that slavery should never be allowed in any of the territories; June 23, 1864, all laws for giving up fugitive slaves to their masters were repealed.

"Mind-Reading."

E. D., Janesville, Wis.: 1.—Bishop, the so called "mind-reader," was nothing but a clever fraud, so far as "mind-reading" goes. Her merely gave a talking machine to vary shop trickery. There is no such thing as "mind-reading," in the sense in which he used it. The feats he performed of finding hidden articles, etc., were accomplished by very close noting of the muscular contraction and relaxation of the hands of the person clasped in his own. When he took the right direction, there was an entirely involuntary, and very slight, muscular change in the hands of the person, due to the action of the brain on noting the fact that he was on the right track. It was rather "muscle-reading." 2.—Mind-reading is a humbug, and theosophy is another. That is all the connection between them.

Steamboat Bars at River Towns.

Subscriber, Columbus, Ky., writes: "Columbus is a Mississippi river town, and whisky was voted out two years ago. Now all the steamboats, especially the Ohio river boats, do a good business here when landing, selling whisky at 50 cents per pint. Can our corporation stop this or not? As the Mississippi makes the dividing line between several states, what right those states in regard to the river? A steamboat bar is a floating saloon, and has a United States government license only. If you would please to give some explanation through THE BLADE, I believe it would settle all, not only here, but in many other towns."

We are informed that a city's jurisdiction, along navigable rivers, extends only to the low water line. In that case, the city can do nothing. Generally a state's authority extends to mid-channel, and a state law would be required to reach the case.

All About "Mizpah."

S. S. K., Gothenburg, Neb.: Mizpah is a word of Hebrew origin, and means "Watch-tower." The Mizpah first mentioned in Scripture is the heap of stones piled up by Jacob and Laban to serve both as a witness to the covenant then entered into, and as a landmark of the boundary between them. Laban said, "This heap is a witness between thee and me this day. The Lord watch between thee and me when we are absent one from another." The name remained attached to the ancient meeting-place of Jacob and Laban, and the place became a sanctuary of the Israelites, a spot for solemn conclave and deliberation. In times of doubt and difficulty Saul offered up sacrifice at Mizpah. Of this grew the custom of placing the word "Mizpah" in betrothal rings—a witness as to the fidelity and pure intention of either party, and a testimony in times of doubt.

Street Etiquette.

J. W. C., Santa Ana, Cal., writes: "I am walking along the street with a gentleman friend. We meet a lady, an acquaintance of mine. I lift my hat, of course, and my gentleman friend, who never saw the lady before, does the same. I reprove him for speaking to a stranger of the opposite sex. He stoutly contends that, because both he and the lady are my friends, it is his duty to recognize her if I do. Does any such rule of etiquette prevail?"

Your friend is correct. He does not address the lady; he simply recognizes her presence by lifting his hat. He would be right in requiring him to do so. He must not, however, presume, from this accidental meeting, to salute her when he is alone, or to claim acquaintanceship, which can only be obtained through a proper introduction. We wish questions on etiquette to be sent to the HOUSEHOLD, were they belong, as Miss Bouton is a recognized authority on the topic.

Music—"Silver Greys"—"Hunkers."

W. J. D., Covello, W. T., writes to know where certain pieces of sheet music can be obtained. 1.—The advertising columns of THE BLADE very frequently contains the advertisements of dealers in music, and a search through back numbers will undoubtedly enable you to find them. Write to them for information. Please note Rule 2 and 3 above. 2.—The "Silver Greys" were a faction of New York Whigs who, in 1850, opposed President Fillmore's view that the slavery question should be considered as settled by the compromise of 1850. 3.—The "Hunkers" were a faction of New York Democrats opposed to Van Buren in 1844.

Miscellaneous.

G. W. M., Byron, Ill.: Fifer's plurality for governor of Illinois in 1888 was 12,541.

H. A., Marble Rock, Iowa: We know of nothing that will facilitate the growth of the beard.

"Hoxie," Rich Hill: We cannot publish a sketch of a trip through the Mammoth Cave in the BUREAU.

W. W., Long Run, O.: On the basis of the City directory and the school enumeration it is estimated that Toledo has now about 100,000 inhabitants.

Subscriber, Sherwood, O.: We know of no way of finding out the denomination to which they belong other than writing to them and asking the question.

——, N. Y.: The specimen you send appears to be merely coarse graygranite, which is composed of quartz, mica and feldspar. To test for gold will require a qualitative analysis by a chemist.

R. Q., Byhalia, Miss.: We have not the statistics you ask for. In point of fact, such are not compiled by either the state or national government, and hence are impossible to be obtained.

F. S., Logtown, O., asks: "How long does it take to send a cablegram across the ocean?" It requires but a fraction of a second for electricity to cross the Atlantic. The rate of telegraphing by cable is from 17 to 25 words a minute, on an average.

W. A. T., ——: There is no record of "fast time" between England and Australia. The only ocean trip that is a matter of record is that between Sandy Hook and Queenstown, across the Atlantic.

C. G. M., San Francisbo, Cal.: We do not understand what it is you want to know. You ask "what are the principal parts of tobacco?" If you will make your question plainer we shall be glad to answer.

A. C. T., Delphos, Kan.: We know nothing of the person you inquire about; and we think your question comes under Rule 5—it is not of general importance—from the fact that the preacher is not known generally.

"Lamartine," Crawfordsville, Ind.: We are sorry to say we have not at hand any approved method of preserving flowers and making of them a hebarium in book form. If some botanist among our readers will send us such a plan, we will be glad to publish.

E. D., Remington, Ind.: To find out about government land in Washington territory, address your letter to "Register of the U. S. Land Office," at either Olympia, Vancouver, Walla Walla, Spokane Falls, or North Yakima. It does not need the name of the Register.

"Old Coin," ——: THE BLADE, in the Bureau of Dec. 27 last, published a list of prices of United States coins. The price of course varies. The best way is to communicate with some dealer in them. We are sorry our rules preclude our giving you the addresses of such.

G. J. J., McFall, Mo.: The use of Easter eggs was originally symbolical of the revivification of nature—the springing forth of life in the spring. The Christian view is that the egg is emblematic of the resurrection and of a future life; and Easter is the festival of the Resurrection of our Savior.

Nolenskian, Syracuse, Neb.: 1.—Celluloid is a compound of gun camphor and gun cotton. 2.—Seeds of all kinds remain in the ground for years, in some cases, before sprouting, because the circumstances are not favorable to germination. As fast as the first crop is destroyed, the sun and air cause the ungerminated seeds to sprout.

S. T., North Manchester, Ind.: 1.—We do not know of such a book. 2.—The speeches were published in full in the *Congressional Record*. Probably your Congressman could send you the volumes containing them. 3.—The best life of Abraham Lincoln is that now being published in the pages of the *Century* magazine.

W. C. W., Appomattox C. H., Va.: 1.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon has never abandoned the Baptist church. 2.—The tables of stone on which the commandments were written at Sinai were kept in the ark of the covenant, which was either destroyed or carried away by the Babylonians, taken by Nebuchadnezzar and the Temple destroyed. 3.—Ohio has mixed schools and a compulsory school law.

J. D. C., Union Star, Ky., asks: "Is the mouth of the Mississippi river farther from the center of the earth than its source?" Somebody, years ago, claimed that it is, basing his theory on the spheroidal shape of the earth; but there never have been any actual measurements and computations to determine the matter. We do not believe the statement. The mouth of the river must be nearer the center of the earth's gravity than its source, else the water would not flow in that direction.

T. J. M., Imlay City, Mich.: The "lost continent" of Atlantis is entirely mythical. There is not the slightest evidence that it ever existed. The Greeks fabled that it was a large island in the Atlantic, west of the straits of Gibraltar, whose inhabitants were swept away by a deluge because of their wickedness. Ignatius Donnelly a few years ago published a book in which he assumed that Atlantis existed, and that the West Indies were its remains. But there is not the slightest evidence of any such thing.

S. S., Atlantic, Iowa: 1.—There have been many different devices for self-binders invented, but we do not know who was the first one to make a practical one. To one he entitled to the credit of the idea itself. Men have worked on the problem ever since reapers were made. 2.—We think the "check-rower" grew, and was not invented at all. Its principle is an old one, in the ingenious application of which to detail, has called forth much ability and difficulty. 3.—Gutta percha is the dried juice of a tree growing in Malaysia, and are analogous to the rubber tree.

H. J. Edgewood, Iowa: 1.—Passports were required by Americans to travel in England for a time during the rebellion. 2.—Neither England nor any other nation ever recognized the independence of the Southern Confederacy. 3.—Passports are absolutely necessary for travelers in Spain, Portugal, Turkey and Russia, but should be procured by Americans going to any European country except England, as they save much annoyance and trouble. They can be obtained of the State department, cost $5, and are good for two years.

A. L., West Jersey, Ill.: We are not familiar with the marriage law of Illinois. We can not see what difference the nationality of the witness to a marriage may be; and we believe it a strict provision in the laws of every state which requires a license for the minister to see the license before performing the ceremony, and to satisfy himself that it is genuine, and properly made out, and that the persons mentioned therein are the parties named therein. Your other question has been handed to the HOUSEHOLD editor.

I. S. L., Durand, Wis.: 1.—All of the great newspaper offices employ some one of the half-dozen modern processes of illustrating. THE BLADE uses one of these, and the engraver can, in case of necessity, engrave a portrait from a photograph and have it ready for printing inside of two hours. It is common to have photographs and other kinds of portraits of distinguished men on hand, so as to use in case of need. 2.—We have, within the past year, published descriptions of the Lick telescope. It is in the Lick observatory, on Mount Hamilton, in California.

S. E. T., Wauseon, O.: 1.—The geographical center of population in the United States was a few miles southwest of Cincinnati, in the edge of Kentucky by the census of 1880. It is the point from which there are as many people east as there are west, as many north as there are south; in fact, as many in any given direction as there are in any other given direction. 2.—The method of finding it is somewhat difficult, and incapable of being clearly explained without using more space than it is worth.

E. D., Remington, Ind.: 1.—There were in service in the United States navy in 1888, 44 naval steam vessels, 12 wooden sailing vessels, 19 iron-clads, 2 torpedo boats and 13 tugs; total, 90. Of these not over 31 are effective. This does not include the new vessels under construction. There are about 25,000 men in the U. S. regular navy. 2.—The German navy embraces 71 vessels effective for war. The German army contains over 445,000 men, and the reserves that can be brought speedily into service in case of war would swell it to over 1,500,000 men.

T. B. Arrowsmith, Ill.: 1.—Wood cuts are engraved on blocks of boxwood, just the height of type. The design is sketched on the surface with a pencil, and then, with proper tools, the wood is cut away, leaving only the lines that are intended to show in printing. The cut is generally electrotyped, as the wood would not stand the wear and tear of the presses. 2.—"Washington's Vision" is simply a romance. It has not the slightest historical foundation. 3.—To remove glass, dissolve shellac alcohol to about the consistence of molasses. Apply to the parts, press firmly together, and set aside for two or three days.

G. T. S., Barclay, Kan.: Wiggins's story that the sun was eclipsed on May 16, 1854, by an invisible satellite, is false, of course. If the earth had a second satellite, it would be visible, just as the moon is, by reflecting the sun's light. Pay no attention to what Wiggins says. He is an impudent fraud. ——We have no history of the reason for the location of the boundary of the United States along the northern line of Minnesota, which leads to a small disconnected area on the northwestern shore of Lake of the Woods being part of the state. If any reader who knows the facts will send them, we shall be glad to publish.

J. D., Napoleon, O.: 1.—The word "Yankee" originated in the efforts of the Indians to pronounce the word "English." The nearest they could come to it was "Yengeeze" or "Yenkeese." 2.—Leather can be made of human skin, of course. It has frequently been done, as an experiment. The writer was shown the entire skin of a woman, except of the head, hands and feet, which had been tanned, a year or two ago. It was beautiful, soft and fine leather, light brown in color. 3.—Lean meat is tough because of the cellular tissue which is a fine, tough membrane enveloping the muscles. The older the animal, the stronger this tisssue, and the tougher the meat. You should read a school text-book on physiology.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
Ill Effects of Tobacco
relieved by its use.

Odds and Ends.

The Pennsylvania railroad company has 89,369 persons in its employ.

Eleven sea lions were caught at one time, last week, in a fish trap at Portland, Oregon.

Two French and one American elevator will be used in the Eiffel tower at the Paris exposition.

Wichita claims that she will have two new railroads this year, one running in and one running out.

A recent shower completely covered the front of a Bethlehem (Pa.) dwelling with an army of "red rain worms."

One hundred fatal accidents to workmen have taken place during the construction of the great Eiffel tower in Paris.

It is estimated that Americans will spend $40,000,000 in Europe this season, of which probably $2,000,000 will go for tips.

S. S. S.
TRADE MARK
In 1883 I contracted Blood Poison of bad type, and was treated with mercury, potash and sarsaparilla mixtures, growing worse all the time. I took 7 small bottles S. S. S. which entirely cured me, and no sign of the dreadful disease has returned.
Jan. 10, '89. J. C. NANCE, Hobbyville, Ind.
My little niece had white swelling to such an extent that she was confined to the bed for a long time. More than 20 pieces of bone came out of her leg, and the doctors said amputation was the only remedy to save her life. I refused the operation and put her on S. S. S. and she is now up and active and in as good health as any child. Miss ANNIE GEESLING, Columbus, Ga.
Feb. 11, '89.
Book on Blood Diseases sent free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO. Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

How to Cure Skin & Scalp DISEASES with the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN and scalp diseases, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES when all other remedies and methods fail.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c. SOAP, 25c; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

☞ Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP. ☜

Relief in one minute for all pains and weaknesses, in CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c

STEALING FROM JUGGERNAUT.

A Curious Yarn Told by an Indian Army Officer.

The tale which I am about to relate was told to me many years ago by a distinguished officer of the Madras army. For obvious reasons the names have been altered, but to this day by the camp fires of the great festival held every year is told with bated breath the terrible tale of the jewels of Juggernaut and of the vengeance of the great god.

"Many years ago," said my friend, "I was quartered at Fuzurabad, an important military station station about 150 miles from the Madras coast. There were a large number of troops there of all descriptions, and certainly for half the year the life we all led was gay and high enough.

"Unfortunately for me, at that time I was there gambling and betting was much in vogue, and many men plunged and came to grief over their debts of honor. Of all that gay company nobody was more popular and better liked by both men and women than young Fitzroy; but, unfortunately, he lost money at the races, tried to recover himself at the whist table, but failed, got into the hands of the Marwarees, and got deeper and deeper into the mire of debt. You could see by his careworn and troubled expression of face that the poor young fellow was in a real bad way. I was not surprised, then, when one day he came to me and said: 'Major, I'm done for. I'm utterly broke. I can't get any more money in the bazaar, and they'll run me in unless I get away for a bit. I must get to England and see if I can raise the wind there, but goodness knows,' said the young fellow, bitterly, 'how I can dare ask my poor old governor. Major,' continued he, 'I must get away; it's simply killing me. You were a great friend of my father, and promised to help me. I wish I had stuck to your advice, but it's too late now. Will you come away with me? Give out that we have taken ten days' leave for some shooting, and see me down to the coast. If I go off alone I shall be stopped by those cursed Marwarees.'

"After some hesitation I agreed. He sent in his application for leave to Europe on private affairs, and I gave out that I was going on a ten days' shooting expedition. A week later, with a couple of tongas, we started on our long and wearying journey to the coast, where my poor young friend hoped to pick up a ship to take him home to Europe. On the second day we met crowds of people tramping along—men, women, and children—and the next day still greater crowds. In reply to our inquiries we were told that they were returning from the great festival of Juggernaut held at Puri, now only three days' journey from us, and the tonga wallah kept us interested with a graphic description of the festival and of the great god, which was especially remarkable for the wonderful jewels it possessed—two emerald eyes of inestimable value, its lips formed of the finest rubies in the world, and a necklace of priceless pearls.

"The sun was sinking as we neared the town of Puri, and we could see the pinnacles of the temples rise above the trees which surrounded the place. Half a mile the other side of the town stood the Travelers' Bungalow, where we intended putting up for the night. During the last twenty-four hours my young companion had been more moody and almost sullen whenever I tried to rouse him. A more uncomfortable meal I never ate than the dinner which was served up to us that evening, and I was quite thankful when the poor lad said he was dead beat and would go off to bed. My own room was on the other side of the bungalow, and I took my pipe and sat smoking on the verandah. The moon was just rising, when I thought I saw the figure of a European stealing along the wall of the compound. Strange I thought, and wondered what other European could be here at the same time. An idea struck me, and I went across to my companion's room. There was nobody in it; the bed was undisturbed. I threw down my pipe and rushed out into the moonlight.

"A few seconds later I was out in the road, and turned instinctively in the direction of the town. Running down the road, I soon came to a sandy lane, which went outside the village walls in the direction of the temples, their pinnacles standing out clear and distinct in the moonlight, embraced a distance I thought I saw the figure of my poor lad, but soon the turnings and twistings of the lane, with its thick cactus hedges on each side, shut him out from my view. In a few minutes I was close by the big temple compound. Running up to the wall I looked over, and this is what I saw: An enormous courtyard of paved stone, on which were lying a number of priests, their white garments wrapped around their heads and bodies. In the background was placed temple after temple, but in the center stood one solitary shrine raised on three separate flights of steps, and inside I could see the great black god raised on three other smaller flights of colored marble steps. The moonbeams shone directly on the god and lit up the emerald eyes and ruby lips, while the pearl necklace glowed on his huge black bosom. Not a sound was to be heard, except some distant tom-tomming. The festival was over, and Puri had lapsed into solemn silence. To my unutterable horror I saw my companion walking right across the courtyard.

"Not a living creature moved, until a pariah dog rose up from near the wall, gave one howl, and then slunk away and crouched down again. Still no one stirred. My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. I dared not shout, even if I could have raised my voice. A ghastly horror took hold of me as the idea struck me that, in his madness, my poor friend intended to save his honor in the great dishonor of robbing the idol. Speechless, I saw him mount step after step, and the next moment saw him enter the sacred shrine across the threshold which no other foot but that of the Brahmin has ever passed. Nine steps led up to the god—one, two, three, four, five, six. He paused. I tried to shout, but no sound would come. He raised his hand as if to tear off the pearl necklace. It was still above his reach. His foot then touched the seventh. Can I ever forget the sight? In the moonlight flashed out two arms covered with a hundred—nay, two hundred—daggers and clasped the daring youth to the black god's breast. At the same moment the sound of a gong broke the stillness of the night, and in one moment the priests and cast off their cerings and were rushing to the shrine. Two minutes later I saw the amazed and horrified priests carrying out the lifeless body of the dishonored Englishman, and I turned and fled."—*Times of India.*

The New Farming Industry.

The few initial steps lately taken by the agricultural department, looking to the encouragement of flax-growing in the United States, is already yielding good results, and a profound interest in the practical subject has been aroused among many farm-owners in many states. A current paragraph shows the present situation in Minnesota and Dakota:

"The report of a new method by which the fiber of flax is extracted from the stalk by a new, quick and cheap process is awakening a good deal of interest in Minnesota. Quite a large amount of flax is already grown in that state, and its cultivation is on the increase. From 200,000 acres devoted to it in 1884, the area had risen to over 300,000 last year. Large quantities are also produced in Dakota, it being found the most profitable crop to sow the first year on newly-broken prairie ground. It does not exhaust the soil, and leaves it in fine condition for grain the following year. It yields from 10 to 15 bushels of seed, and two and a half tons of straw per acre, worth $20 a ton."

—The popular blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla, is having a tremendous sale this season. Nearly everybody takes it. Try it yourself.

PENNY SAVINGS BANKS.

Concerns that Will Take a Single Cent on Deposit and Allow Liberal Interest.

Through the efforts of Postmaster General Wanamaker a bill has been passed by the Pennsylvania legislature authorizing the establishment of savings institutions and popular banks where small amounts will be received, and an additional stimulus thus be given to popular economy. There has been a widely recognized need for institutions that would receive small sums of money and allow a fair rate of interest thereon. Mr. Wanamaker has recognized this want for years past in studying the condition of the people who make up the larger part of the congregation of Bethany church, and in conjunction with his counsel, Robert C. Hinckley, he formulated a plan which has culminated in the present bill.

In reviewing the history of the project Mr. Hinckley said:

"Mr. Wanamaker conceived the idea of having a savings fund in connection with Bethany church to encourage the people to save money. He worked out a plan in his mind, and established what is called the Penny Savings Bank of Southwest Philadelphia, which is located in the Bethany church building, at Twenty-second and Bainbridge streets. It was opened on July 11, 1888. Mr. Wanamaker is president. It was a complete success, and it became necessary to have it incorporated. A special feature of the bank is that it will receive deposits as small as 1 penny.

"Upon examination of the corporation laws of the state it was found that there was no general law under which this kind of an institution could be incorporated, and under the new constitution special laws are not allowable. It therefore becomes necessary to draft a new law as an amendment to the corporation act of 1874. This was prepared by Mr. Wanamaker and myself, introduced into the legislature by Senator Delameter, was passed and now awaits the governor's signature. As soon as it shall have become a law we shall apply for the incorporation of the Penny Savings bank.

"The institution is purely charitable, no salaries being paid, and it is purely for the benefits of people in moderate circumstances. There is only one other institution in the city that receives as low as a penny, and that is a small bank at Eleventh and Lombard streets. This will incorporate as soon as the law shall have been made valid. Of course, similar institutions will spring up all over the state; and I have already received inquiries from parties in Pittsburgh who want to incorporate as soon as possible."

The Penny Savings bank pays 4½ per cent interest, whereas the largest savings funds pay but 3 per cent. No interest, however, is allowed on any sum less than $1. There is no limit fixed to the deposits at the Bethany bank, but in the bill just passed it is provided that no individual or corporation shall have to his or its credit more than $5,000, exclusive of accrued interest.

The regulations governing the Penny Savings bank are substantially like those of other savings banks. A book is furnished each depositor, and ten days notice must be given to the bank when it is desired to withdraw more than $10. The money can only be invested in mortgages or well-secured loans with collateral.

The bill just passed provides for the formation of a savings bank by not less than thirteen persons, two-thirds of whom must live in the country. The bank is to be managed by not less than thirteen trustees, who shall select from their number a president and vice president. In other ways the procedure of incorporation is like that of the present savings banks.—*Philadelphia Record.*

A SIBERIAN DINNER PARTY.

From Pekin to Calais by Land—An Interesting History.

The pictures which Mr. De Windt draws of the life of the wealthiest class in far Siberia, in his book "From Pekin to Calais by Land," are anything but alluring, and it is no wonder that cultured people should have as little as possible to do with them, or that when asked why they do not spend their often immense wealth (derived from the mines) in Paris or London, they should reply, "because here we are great men, but there—nothing." Readers of "Vivian Gray" will remember Disraeli's strange adventure with the Barons of Marcobrunner, Johannisberg, and their friends, and these worthies seem to have their representatives in far Siberia, at Kiakhta. The travelers were invited to a dinner party, which was certainly to Englishmen a novel experience, and one, too, we have not tried at home even by those most weary of the monotony of ordinary dinners. "Half-past nine came," writes Mr. De Windt, "and no signs of moving. About this time Cherkoff offered me a cigarette, which, more to stave off the pangs of hunger than anything else, I accepted, and lit it. There was a magnificent grand piano (by Erard) in the room, upon which I was asked to perform, and played, with as much spirit as I could muster, the Russian hymn and other patriotic tunes, but they fell flat, and no wonder. Everybody appeared to me to be getting gradually paler and paler with hunger, nor could I, with any propriety, get anywhere near Kuropatkin, who was sitting next our host, to ask him if we were ever going to have anything to eat. At last, about 11:30, the door opened, and a servant entered, bearing a tray with two large bottles of vodka. This, I thought, looked like a preliminary to food. At any rate, the spirit kept faintness off. A quarter of an hour later Madame Cherkoff came to announce that dinner—dinner at 11:30!—was ready, and we adjourned gravely to an upstairs apartment, where the repast awaited us. In a corner of the room stood a small table set out with smoked herrings, salmon, cheese, caviar, and flanked by half a dozen huge bottles of vodka, cognac, curacoa, Kümmel, and other liquors. Here every one took a morsel of cheese or fish in his fingers, and gravely drank our health one by one, turning their glass up, if we did not drain ours to the dregs, to show that it was empty. By the time supper was served my head began to swim, for I had to imbibe in this way, and on an empty stomach, seven or eight glasses of vodka,

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THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1889.

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THE DESPERATE EFFORTS OF THE RUM POWER IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The closing days of the amendment campaign in Pennsylvania are at hand, and the Rum Power is working with redoubled activity. It may be news to the honest voters of the Keystone state that the vast variety of documents opposing the amendment, which are scattered broadcast among them, many of which bear the imprint of "The American Printing Co., Louisville, Ky.," are printed at a job office there, and paid for by the "National Protective Association," which is the national organization of distillers and Rum wholesalers. We have seen an anti-Prohibition document, purporting to be a farm journal, from this Louisville concern. A portion of its contents is agricultural matter, printed from the type of an obscure agricultural paper published in Louisville, and the remainder is made up of the Rum Power's arguments against the amendment. There is no "American Printing Co." in Louisville. The name is a fraud. The Rum Power knows the people of Pennsylvania would pay no attention to its documents if they knew whence they emanated. We give, as a matter of curiosity, a partial list of this Louisville literature, printed and circulated by the central organization of the Rum Power in the United States:

"Bible Wine," by Rev. Alvah Hovey—a 16-page pamphlet.

"The Theory of Prohibition"—a 16-page pamphlet.

The *Congregationalist's* article—one-page leaflet.

The *Christian Union's* article—one page leaflet.

"Prohibition in Iowa"—one-page leaflet.

"The Folly of Prohibition"—16-page leaflet.

"Pauperism—How Affected by Prohibition"—16-page (small) pamphlet.

"Growth in Population"—16-page (small) pamphlet.

"The Non-Intoxicating Theory"—8-page (small) pamphlet.

"Weighed and Found Wanting"—one-page leaflet.

"It Will Not Work"—16-page pamphlet.

Other liquor associations are also engaged in the business. The United Brewers' association of New York sends out campaign literature, and we have also received "An Essay on the Temperance Question" that appears to be printed in Cincinnati by the Rum interest there. All these point to the extraordinary efforts making by the Rum Power to carry Pennsylvania on the 18th.

And the flooding of the state with these publications is but a small part of the work. Enormous sums have been paid to a large number of newspapers in the state for the printing of letters, arguments, etc., against the amendment. It is one admitted fact that every newspaper of consequence in the *entire state* has received liberal offers for the publication of articles favorable to the Rum traffic. These are not editorial expressions of opinion. Sometimes they appear under the guise of special or as Associated Press dispatches (bogus, of course), showing the alleged failure of Prohibition in other states. Sometimes these articles consist of reprints of one or the other of the anti-Prohibition pamphlets and articles named in the above list, especially the *Christian Union's* article, which in no wise represents the attitude of that paper at present; and frequently articles are published and credited to newspapers which have no existence! Fraud and falsehood could scarcely go farther.

It is remarkable that there are so few original articles published in opposition to Prohibition in the newspapers of the state. No exhaustive discussion is attempted in their columns, but their influence is subtly cast on the side of the Rum Power, in return for the liberal, yes, extravagant, prices they are paid for the use of their reading columns, and for their influence, out of the unprecedented corruption fund that has been raised by the liquor men. It is a fact well known to the friends of Prohibition that, long before the campaign began in earnest, an agent from the headquarters of the National Liquor League in Chicago, made the rounds of the Pennsylvania newspapers and arranged with them for the publication of a series of anti-Prohibition articles of the kind above named during the campaign. It is but just to some of the papers to say that they refused to increase their revenue in this manner, but the number that did so is in the minority; and this is why Prohibition has so few friends among the daily journals of the Keystone state.

The distillers, the brewers, the wholesale liquor men and the saloon-keepers are all fighting for the very existence of their infernal traffic; they do not dare allow the amendment to carry in Pennsylvania, for in that case the Prohibition wave would rapidly rise and sweep over the land in a cleansing flood, carrying away the traffic in intoxicating liquors. It is not strange that they pay so liberally of their ill-gotten gains to insure a continuance of the reign of Rum in the state. Their frightened desperation is seen in the recent publication, with much blowing of trumpets and display, of a "protest" against the incorporation of Prohibition in the state constitution, on the ground that only "well-settled principles" should be incorporated therein, and that those of "doubtful policy" should be relegated to the domain of statute law. It is signed by lawyers of Philadelphia and Pittsburg. Yet out of the over 900 lawyers in Philadelphia, only 350 signed it, and out of about 500 in Pittsburg but 70 signed it.

Hon. DANIEL AGNEW, Chief Justice of the state of Pennsylvania, has written a letter to the Pittsburg *Commercial Gazette*, in which he meets the objections of these signers to constitutional Prohibition. As to their plea that Prohibition is a police regulation, and hence should not be in the fundamental law, he quotes several eminent authorities. The first of these is Justice MILLER, of the Supreme court of the United States, who states that the police power is incapable of definition and limitation, because

> Upon it depends the security of social order, the life and health of the citizen, the comfort of existence in a thickly populated community, the enjoyment of private social life, and the beneficial use of property.

Judge COOLEY, in his book upon the Constitution, says that the police power, like the power of taxation, "pervades every department of business, and reaches to every interest and every subject of profit and enjoyment." Judge AGNEW, after quoting these authorities, goes on to make the following clinching argument:

> Now, these rights of person are the very subject of a large part of the first article of the Constitution—the Declaration of Rights. What constitutes a state? Men, not things. Hence the protection of persons, property, happiness and the social relations is the great purpose of a constitution.
>
> What is the grand end and purpose of the Prohibitory amendment? It is the protection of these very things—persons, property, happiness, social relations of families, friends and community, against the consequences of drunkenness, the output of the saloon. What is a greater subject of state protection than these very subjects, stated above by Justice Miller? What is a more important subject of state regulation than the right to sell and the places to sell that which concerns society and the rights of men in the highest degree? Thus it is clear beyond cavil, of every right-thinking man, be he doctor, divine or lawyer, that the Prohibitory amendment is a most fit subject for the constitution.

And, after showing at length the fallacy of the position of this minority of lawyers signing the so-called "protest," he closes his argument thus:

> What subject is more important to the public than the liquor question? It concerns the lives, health, happiness, reputation of men and families, the social order, public prosperity, peace, safety and common life of the people; taxation, administration of law, and erection and maintenance of prisons, workhouses, almshouses, hospitals and institutions of purely public charity, and it enters into every town, township, city and county of the state.
>
> When these gentlemen say the amendment is unfit to be put into the constitution, what is the result? They ignore all history, the nature and extent of the police power, the progress of civilization, the changes in the circumstances of the people, the necessity of constitutional adaptation, popular growth in knowledge, number, improvement, virtue and humanity. The simple upshot is, these gentlemen are opposed to Prohibition itself. This is the true question, and they are met by morality, religion, charity, physiology, virtue and the best interests of the state. In truth, never was there a weaker effusion of the brain of liquor opposition than the paper I have commented on.

And Judge AGNEW might well have added that the struggle now going on in Pennsylvania is one of personal selfishness and the love of gain on the one side, and of morality, sobriety, decency and right living on the other; the saloon struggling for protection against the home and all that is best and purest in our fallen human nature. If the people of Pennsylvania can only be reached by the truth—if the case as it really stands can be brought home to every honest voter, the result would not be doubtful. The hosts of Prohibition would be able to carry the amendment, crush the saloon, and

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE BLADE SEWING MACHINES.

We regret to say that we are so badly behind in orders for the Blade Sewing Machine, that we are compelled to ask, as a special favor, that *no further orders* for machines be sent till the announcement is made in these columns that we are ready to receive them. Our orders are at least a month behind, and those whose orders are yet unfilled may have to wait that long before receiving their machines. We dislike delays, and hence beg that no further orders be sent until we announce our readiness to receive them.

Our repair department has necessarily been closed down for a number of weeks. We have on hand several machines not yet repaired; but we hope to be able, within the next month, to put them in order and return them to their owners in first-class condition. Meanwhile, we specially ask that no machines be sent to us for repairs till due announcement is made that we are ready to receive them.

AN AMERICAN POPE.

The suggestion that the next Pope will come from America has much of force in it. Although the United States has never been recognized fully by the Catholic church, and it was only recently that the country was given a cardinal, yet there is much more than a probability that the national hatreds among the different European cardinals will prevent the selection of one of them as the successor of LEO XIII, and the only recourse will be to turn to America and choose Cardinal GIBBONS. If this thing should come to pass, a better selection could not be made. Cardinal GIBBONS deserves the reputation he has as a Christian, scholar and gentleman.

THE Rhode Island legislature has passed a resolution submitting the question of the repeal of the Prohibitory clause of the state constitution, adopted two or three years ago, to a vote of the people on June 18. The probabilities are that it will be adopted, and that Rhode Island will cease to have constitutional Prohibition. This is distinctly a retrograde step. The plea is made that it was ignored by the people, and a reign of absolutely free rum set in. There seems to be no doubt but that there was but little attempt made to enforce it. The remedy in such a case is not to repeal the violated statute, but to enforce the penalties for its violation without fear or favor. If a community has an epidemic of burglary, or murder, for instance, the proper course is not to repeal the laws against these crimes, but to enforce them. That this can be done with a law against whisky-selling as well as with a law prohibiting any other act against public morality, or well-being, has been amply shown in the states of Iowa and Kansas.

From all accounts, the people of Johnstown had become, in past years, so used to flooded streets that they were off their guard against possible catastrophe. Familiarity had bred contempt of watery danger. When the terrific wall of water, crested with debris, rolled over the doomed town, it was as much the crushing of the houses upon their inmates that made up the appalling death-roll as the drowning. If one will consider for a moment what chances of escape he would have were the house in which he sits to be violently thrown on its side by a huge wave, and crushed in like an egg-shell under some forty feet of water, he will wonder that any one escaped who was in the path of the torrent.

OHIO is prominent in the relief work at Johnstown. Her governor was the first to respond to the cry of the destitute and suffering, and sent Adjutant General AXLINE and his working staff with, 900 tents for the shelter of the houseless ones. Gen. AXLINE telegraphed yesterday to the governor:

> Our boys are doing splendid service. Carloads of provisions and clothing from Cleveland and other Ohio cities were received and distributed yesterday; others to-day. Ohio received praises everywhere for early and generous response. They say, "God bless Ohio." We will remain here a few days yet, unless otherwise directed, and help all we can. All well, but somewhat tired.

GOVERNOR BEAVER, of Pennsylvania, has tendered cordial thanks to Governor FORAKER for his prompt action in sending tents, etc., to Johnstown, and expresses gratitude to the people of Ohio for the aid and comfort they have given the sufferers. The Dayton *Journal*, commenting on Governor BEAVER'S act, says:

> The immediate realization of the effects of the catastrophe shown by Governor Foraker, and the instant order to send a thousand tents to Johnstown, seems to have struck the keynote of the necessities of the situation, and invited the country to immediate action.

THE college season known as "Commencement," which is now opening, is so called because the colleges end at this time for the summer.—*Chicago Journal.*

Entirely wrong. You confound an event with the time of its occurrence. The name of "Commencement Day" does not refer to the close of the college year, but to the senior class, who, having completed their scholastic education, then commence the serious duties of life.

THE Waterbury, Conn., *Republican*, expounds certain well-known facts as follows:

> It is a fact that newspaper readers do not slight the advertisements. They have come to realize that the advertisements in a newspaper represent the goods which the merchants have for sale, and they take pains to familiarize themselves with what shopkeepers have to offer. Moreover the constituency of a paper are very apt to be governed by what they read in their own paper.

THERE is no locality in this state, and none in any other state, that has been more prompt or more generous than Toledo in responding to the cry for succor from the devastated Conemaugh valley.

A MUCH more stringent inspection of all dams is the lesson of the Conemaugh disaster.

PROUD OF HIS TAIL.

Ohio has reached the summit of her wildest ambitions. She has furnished Presidents of the United States. She has seen her sons prominent in every walk of life. She has had a champion base ball club within her borders, and came within one of producing the champion prize fighter. It would seem as if, with this record behind her, she should have been satisfied. But there was still left an aching void, an unfulfilled ambition, a thing to work and wait for. At last it has come. A citizen of Ohio has been made an Indian chief. Think of the glory of it! Think also of the name, "YOUNG MAN PROUD OF HIS TAIL." No longer will it be plain CHARLES FOSTER, or CHARLES FOSTER, esq., or Governor FOSTER, or even "Calico CHARLEY." It is "YOUNG MAN PROUD OF HIS TAIL." Now perhaps Mr. FOSTER is not exactly a young man, but this is no reason why he should not be proud of his tail. In Turkey a tail is a mark of high distinction and when one attained to them he was on the highest round of the social ladder. As Tom Hood wrote:

> I have for a son-in-law a very magnificent, three-tailed Bashon.

In Scotland, in older days, the chieftians had their tails, composed of bands of armed men and the larger the "tail" the better chance did the aforesaid chieftain have when some slight difference of opinion arose between him and another chieftain over the proper division of stolen cattle, or who should pay for the drinks.

But although Governor FOSTER is now a bonafide chieftain with the trade-mark blown in the bottle, his tail is of a different character. It consists of a war bonnet, decorated with feathers and a long tail of feathers falling down his back. According to Indian custom the accompanying dress should be a liberal supply of war paint, a tomahawk and scalping knife and enough of red flannel to serve as a breeches clout. It is not understood, however, that Gov. FOSTER intends to astonish Fostoria society in this full dress costume of the untamed west. In fact, it is believed that the refining influences of eastern civilization are yet strong enough with him to induce him to eat with a fork and still wear the clothes which his tailor assures him are "an exact counterpart of the last suit made for BENNY WALL." But the "tail" has come to stay. He may only wear it on state occasions, and when he desires to make a special showing, but there can be no doubt but that this imposing head dress of eagle's feathers will make a most pleasing addition to Governor FOSTER'S mustache, imperial and swallow-tailed coat. No wonder he is proud of his tail.

THE NUMBER KILLED.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer*, in an effort to estimate the population of those settlements in, or close to, the track of the Conemaugh flood, quotes the Pittsburg *Commercial*, which gives the census of 1880 and the Presidential vote of 1888, as follows:

	1880. Population.	1888. Voters.
Cambria borough	2,228	454
Cambria township	1,047	245
Conemaugh borough	3,498	714
Conemaugh township	437	114
Coopersdale borough	409	116
East Conemaugh borough	756	217
Johnstown borough	8,380	2,238
Lower Yoder township (including Morrellville)	957	494
Millvale borough	2,409	532
Mineral Point	134	26
Woodvale borough	639	240
	20,889	5,390

Upon the basis of five residents to each voter, the total population at the time of the flood should have been close to 30,000.

The Philadelphia *Ledger*, which is apt to be unusually careful in its news gathering, has had two special correspondents investigating the same question, and thus editorially sums up the results of their inquiries:

> According to these estimates there was a population of between 30,000 and 34,000 in the desolated section. As nearly as can be determined from the census returns of 1880, the population of that part of the country swept by the waters was, nine years ago, about 20,000. At the normal rate of increase for Cambria county, it should be in 1889 about 27,000, and it is not improbably that the estimate of 30,000 is a fair one, because of the special activities leading to increase of population in and about Johnstown. The inhabitants of some parts of Johnstown were not exposed to danger from the flood, being on ground above the highest range of the water, but it seems to be not improbably that as many as 15,000 people may have been forced to flee from or battle with the waves. How many fell even time may not disclose.

THE damage done to the Potomac river front improvement at Washington by the recent flood is an illustration of the lack of business sense on the part of the Democrats in the House of Representatives. At least half a million dollars have been lost by the damage, simply because the Democratic economists would neither appropriate the money to complete this necessary improvement, nor take any steps to protect what had already been done.

THE new compulsory education law of Illinois requires sixteen weeks' attendance at school per year, on the part of all children between the ages of 7 and 14 years; but attendance on any private day school, teaching reading, writing arithmetic and United States history in the English language, which is approved by the board of education, will be accepted as in compliance with the law.

THE Philadelphia and Pittsburg whisky men who were refused licenses are going to carry the question of the right of license courts to discriminate among them to the state supreme court for determination. Judging by the trouble which the license law of Pennsylvania is making for the liquor interest, it apparently has a good many excellent points.

THE South Dakota constitutional convention is composed of 53 Republicans and 22 Democrats; that of North Dakota, 54 Republicans, 24 Democrats, and 4 third-party Prohibitionists. The fact that minority representation was allowed explains why the third party men, and the relatively large number of Democrats, were chosen.

THE free trade papers are silent as the tombs of the PHARAOHS on the fact that American steel mills will furnish most of the rails used by Canadian roads this year. No wonder; it is of the nature of a complete refutation of many of their fundamental doctrines.

CROP prospects remain good all over the country, and if the promise of abundance is fulfilled, there will be little likelihood of a rate war among the railways. They will have enough to do to transport the grain without fighting over the job.

FOR a nation without "professional diplomats," as Europe is so fond of constantly pointing out to us, we seem to have done very well indeed at the Berlin conference. We got all we asked, and no "professional diplomat" could do more.

THE Brooklyn *Eagle*, Democratic, names Major MCKINLEY "the MacGregor of his party," and predicts that where this MacGregor sits will one day become the head of the Republican table.

THE loss of life at Johnstown will always be indeterminate, but there seems, unfortunately, but little doubt that the gruesome total will be between 12,000 and 15,000.

GENERAL ALGER is said to be in the field for the Republican presidential nomination in 1892. He has about as good a chance of obtaining it as has Mr. SHERMAN.

FREE TRADE IN AMERICAN COLLEGES.

There is a growing agitation in favor of stopping the teaching of free trade doctrines in American colleges. The chief text-books on political economy are either of English authorship or written by Americans from a free trade standpoint. It may seem strange that free trade ideas are not more prevalent, considering that nearly all chairs of political economy in our colleges are filled by free traders, but the students who go into active commercial or industrial pursuits soon get the moonshine theory knocked out of them by their experience with the hard facts of actual business.

The plea is inadmissible that free trade is the logical outcome of the "science" of political economy. It is not true. In the first place, political economy is not an exact science. It is a fact too often forgotten that there is but a very, very small part of what is called science—or of human learning in general—which is so demonstrably true that it is accepted by every one without question. In point of fact, it is not true of any department of knowledge, save the mathematics, pure and applied. The glorious old Greeks, with their acute mental grasp, recognized this fact when they named the knowledge of numbers and dimensions *mathema*, "the learning." The facts pertaining to them are universal and fundamental. Men will quarrel over geology, or geography, or religion; what A believes is scouted as fallacious by B, and C denies what A and B each believe. But all agree that two and two are four and that the three angles of a triangle always equal two right angles. No one can conceive of a world wherein two and two sometimes make five, or where the elements of a triangle are uncertain quantities.

This is not true of any other department of human knowledge. The sciences are simply the results of human observation as to certain natural phenomena and the theorizing of men upon their probable causation. For instance, the fact is observed in chemistry that substances unite in definite proportions. This is explained at present on the atomic theory; but it by no means follows that the atomic theory is true. It is but a working theory, and will be abandoned or modified when any phenomenon is observed which is explainable by it, or which does not agree with its deductions. Our theories of light, of heat, of electricity, are on no more substantial basis. They are also working theories, whose truth is probable, reviewed in the light of our present knowledge; but liable to be overthrown and abandoned by future steps in scientific research.

How much less trouble, then, must be the so-called "principles" of political economy, which are mere deductions from observations upon the drift of human affairs, as exhibited in civilized life. There is nothing in it which is so well founded that it is not controverted by some one. In point of fact, political economy is on far weaker ground than the natural sciences; it is hardly admissible to call it a science at all, because there is relatively so little of the ground it occupies that is beyond controversy. Again, it is probably true that all the factors of human endeavor are not yet given their due place among its fundamentals, and hence its conclusions are necessarily more or less misleading. It will, at least, not do to say that free trade is its necessary and logical outcome; nor should American colleges allow free trade to be taught as an integral part of the "dismal science."

THE following statement from the United States Treasury department covers the bond purchases for the ten months ended May 31. It will be seen that the tidy little sum of thirty-five million dollars has been saved by the plan of utilizing the surplus in this way:

> Amount purchased of 4 per cents, $61,906,100; of 4½ per cents, $108,250,500; total, $169,856,600. Cost of 4 per cents, $78,949,329.53; of 4½ per cents, $117,228,153.65; total, $196,177,483.18.
>
> Cost at maturity of 4 per cents, $108,555,167.50; of 4½ per cents, $123,205,907.62; total, $231,821,075.12.
>
> Saving of 4 per cents, $29,605,837.97; of 4½ per cents, $6,037,753.97; total, $35,643,591.94.

THE delay in paying pensions, caused by a shortage in the funds, is a result of bad management in the CLEVELAND administration. The shortage was caused by the neglect of Commissioner BLACK. Major BELL estimated $90,000,000 for the current fiscal year, and Commissioner BLACK called for only $80,473,000. The sum of $8,000,000 was subsequently added, but this was insufficient. The present shortage is about $1,500,000.

ROBERT P. PORTER has always been in the habit of collecting statistics. Writing from England two years ago he gave the following table as illustrating the difference in labor and pay between clerks who worked for private employers and those who enjoyed government offices:

	Ratio of Labor.	Ratio of Pay.
A city clerk	100	$ 500
A postoffice clerk	75	900
A Somerset house clerk	60	1,250
A custom house clerk	40	1,500
A foreign office clerk	30	2,500

THE Charleston, S. C., *News and Courier* does not believe in any state legislation to deprive the colored race of the legal right to vote, though it is not opposed to neutralizing that right by bulldozing and fraud. It says:

> Whether they vote or not, the negroes make good counters, and give the Southern states a voice in the Electoral college and Congress, which they could not enjoy if the negroes were disfranchised.

BOTH Democrats and Mugwumps appear to have an excessive dislike for religious men. ALLAN G. THURMAN referred to President HARRISON as "that pious cuss," and now comes the mugwump New York *Times* calling him "Pious BEN." We have yet to learn that the masses of the American people object to piety in their public servants.

IT is a matter of congratulation that the great Cambria Iron company is able to rebuild its great works at Johnstown. Should this have been impracticable, Johnstown would become a simple way station on the Pennsylvania railroad, as these great works constituted the one industry of the town, with its thousands of busy workers.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT will ask that the next Congress appropriate more money for the civil service commission, and grant it larger powers. This will compel the opponents of civil service reform in Congress to disclose themselves.

PUT the wires underground. Within a short time 682 telegraph poles and 1,140 miles of wire have been removed from the streets of New York city, and the service has not been affected injuriously. The overhead wires must go.

IT will require just 30 days to take the census next year, and the results will be compiled and printed inside of three years. It took eight years to complete the work of the last census.

THE correct abbreviation for Behring Sea is evidently I. S.

[Our legal brethren, at least, will appreciate the pun contained in the above.]

RANDALL will be the Democratic leader on the floor of the next House of Representatives, and CARLISLE and MILLS sink into innocuous desuetude.

IT is license, not liberty, to allow societies to promote revolution in other countries to exist in our borders.

A NEW SAVONAROLA.

A new figure has risen in Italy who reminds one of the famous SAVONAROLA, the reformer-priest of the fifteenth century. This is the Italian Franciscan monk, Padre AGOSTINO DI MONTEFELTRO. Within the brief span of four years this eloquent ecclesiastic has become the most popular man in Italy, and the most striking figure on its politico-religious horizon. His well-known history deepens the impression he has made on the Italian people. He is descended from a very old princely family, and has the best blood of Italy in his veins; yet, though an aristocrat of the bluest strain, he is a thorough patriot, holding the most radical, and even socialistic, views. In his youth he killed the man who had crossed him in his love, and subsequently fought with GARIBALDI in the famous struggle for Italian liberty. He then retired to a monastery and became a Franciscan brother, devoting himself to the closest study and the strictest religious exercises. Four years ago the superiors decided that he had sufficiently expiated his sins, and he was allowed to go forth into the world and use his splendid gifts for the glory of the church.

The most remarkable phenomenon, however, is the fact that MONTEFELTRO is equally the favorite of the Pope and of King Humbert. The Pope recently startled the extreme conservatives of the Vatican party by appointing the eloquent Franciscan to preach a course of Lenten sermons in the church of San Carlo, in the very heart and centre of the Italian metropolis; and the consternation was still greater when the prince-priest wound up the last of his discourses by praying for the divine blessing upon King HUMBERT and the royal house of Savoy.

This was open treason in the eyes of the Irreconcilable party. The Pope, perhaps may express some public disapproval of the father's words, but it is an open secret that he is privately pleased with what he did. LEO XIII was well aware of patriotic sentiments when he summoned him to Rome, and he could have only done so with an object. It is the present pontiff's desire to bring about some substantial *modus vivendi*, if not a complete reconciliation, between himself and the Italian government; and this is the one great goal which Father AGOSTINO has before his eyes.

He believes that loyalty to King HUMBERT is quite consistent with loyalty to his church, and it is one of the chief objects of his preaching to bring the irreconcilables on both sides to see that the conditions of the times necessitate such an agreement. The difficulties with which the padre has to contend were recently evinced by a fiendish attempt to bring his course of Lenten sermons to a premature end. His influence is growing and the result may yet be a reconciliation between the Vatican and the Quirinal.

PROHIBITION'S EFFECT ON POLICE JUDGES' FEES IN KANSAS.

The striking decrease in the number of cases coming before police judges in Kansas is as good a proof as could be given of the effect of Prohibition in conserving good order and public morality. The following letter, from the police judge of Beloit, Kas., corrects an error made by the Kansas City *Globe* in the article republished in our columns from that paper, giving the statistics of convictions for drunkenness in sixty-one Kansas towns. It also gives some very interesting facts concerning the effect of Prohibitory legislation, that will be of interest to our friends in Pennsylvania:

> BELOIT, Kan., June 7, 1889.—EDITOR BLADE:—I notice in your report, published in the Weekly BLADE of June 6, of the convictions for drunkenness in the various towns of Kansas, that you credit our town (Beloit) with 37 drunks. This is incorrect, and your informant did not not get his figures from the records. [Our article was copied from the Kansas City *Globe*.—ED. BLADE.]
>
> The police docket of this city shows that, during the year ending April 1, 1888, there were fourteen cases brought in the Police court for various offenses. Of these, six were for drunkenness. The same docket shows that, for the year 1879—the year prior to the adoption of the prohibitory amendment—there was 63 cases brought in the Police court of this city for various offenses. In 42 of these the charge was drunkenness; in 18 others, disorderly conduct, etc.
>
> The office of police judge was at that time a good paying one, and much sought after. But now—well, prohibition don't absolutely prohibit, but the people in Kansas don't seem to get drunk, and raise Adam's oldest son, as they used to do. In fact, they don't have the proper desire to support a police judge. And, Mr. Editor, if you know of a town in a high-license state which wants a good, healthy, police judge, somewhat reduced in flesh, by feeding on prohibition fodder, but sound as a dollar, please refer the people to me, as I want to emigrate! Prohibition and police judges don't seem to flourish in the same pasture. Yours truly,
>
> J. E. TICE,
> Police Judge, Beloit, Kas.

FREE SPECIMENS.

The BLADE desires to send specimen copies to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to send us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce the BLADE *everywhere.*

THE following list of excellent appointments made by Superintendent PORTER, of the census bureau, of experts and specialists to have charge of the compilation of the reports regarding their specialties, is an added proof in advance that the report of the eleventh census will be one of the best, if not the very best, of the series. This splendid list could hardly be improved. The first five named are men who stand at the head of the specialists in their respective lines, and Mr. KRUSE, the sixth, is said to be a very careful and capable man, fully competent to handle his division in an excellent manner:

> S. N. D. North, of Boston, secretary of the National Association of Wool manufacturers, statistics of wool and worsted and of the newspaper press.
>
> Henry T. Cook, of Trenton, N. J., statistics of the clay and pottery industries.
>
> John S. Billings, M. D., of the army, mortality and vital statistics.
>
> Henry Bowers, of Philadelphia, secretary of the Chemical association of the United States, statistics of the chemical and allied industries.
>
> Henry Gannatt, of the Geological survey, Geographical department.
>
> William C. Hunt, of the bureau of Statistics of Massachusetts, expert and special agent in charge of the social statistics.
>
> J. F. Upton, of New Hampshire, formerly assistant secretary of the Treasury, state finance and indebtedness.
>
> Frederick W. Kruse, of Olean, N. Y., statistics of local finance.

HON. THOMAS EWING, formerly of Ohio, now of New York, in his address before the graduating class of the law school of the University of New York, advocated a change in our jury laws. He said:

> An obviously needed reform is the abolition of the requirement of the unanimity of a jury in civil cases. The present system has neither reason nor experience to support it. It tends to bring the jury system into contempt.
>
> That the jury system has grave defects, everyone will allow. The feeling exists, however, that its merits overbalance them. The requirement of unanimity in a verdict is a feature that has seemed so essential to the system itself that it is a question whether, if it were abolished, the excellence of the jury plan would not be destroyed. Still, there are many lawyers of the highest standing, of whom Gen. EWING is not the least, who believe a majority verdict would answer all purposes and the better conserve the ends of justice.

HAYTI seems to have settled her revolution satisfactorily, without any foreign interference. Might it not be a good plan to quietly let her people decide on her future ruler without sending a commission from the United States?

THE New York *Press* evidently does not believe Senator PAYNE is a candidate for re-election. It says:

> "Battle-cry for the Ohio Democracy: 'The oil barrel is dead; long live the beer barrel.'"

HON. THOMAS B. REED, of Maine, still looms up as a candidate for the Speakership of the next House. All the same, we have an abiding faith that MCKINLEY will be the next Speaker.

GLANCE OVER THIS NUMBER.

Glance over this number of THE BLADE and see the amount of interesting, valuable, and altogether useful and entertaining reading matter included in its eight broad pages. First we have the opening installment of a brilliant little story by BRET HARTE, whose name is a household word among all reading people. "A Secret of Telegraph Hill" is a Californian tale, and in the best vein of its renowned author. Not to relish BRET HARTE is to confess yourself out of touch with people of literary tastes everywhere.

Next we have another instalment of MRS. DAVY'S charming story of English life—"Nellie's Marriage." Of course the acute reader knows in his inmost heart that it was *not* a failure, despite the question in its sub-title—although it does seem just now as if it would be difficult for it to turn out anything else. But MRS. DAVY'S heroine is one whose loving trust in the integrity and honor of her husband is so deep and true that it remains unshaken in the midst of the severest trials; and in this respect her bright story teaches a lesson it were well that all wives—yea, and husbands too—should learn.

Miss BOUTON, in her "Home Talk," discusses a subject very close to her warm and generous heart, and hence writes at her best. The question of how to aid young women compelled to make their own way in the world, without viewing them in the light of objects of charity, has been solved, in one of its phases at least, here in the city of Toledo, and she tells how it was done. It will not detract from the interest with which her myriad admirers will read the article for THE BLADE to tell them that Miss BOUTON herself is one of the original projectors, and now one of the board of managers, of the Toledo "Hotel Industry," which she describes.

As for the regular departments—the Household, the Young Folks, the Farm, the Camp Fire and the Question Bureau—look them over, and you will find something useful, something good, in every one of them. Especially do we think that everyone should read the Question Bureau. We defy any one to scan any single number of it and not find something new and novel therein. It is in charge of one person, who devotes all his energies to making it the very best department of the kind in existence, and he is succeeding admirably. There is no more valuable feature of THE BLADE than the Bureau. It contains information not to be found anywhere else. Then there is TALMAGE'S last Sunday's sermon—worth any one's reading, and this week a lesson for the boys especially, as it treats of the boyhood of the Savior.

And don't forget the "News of the Week," 7th and 8th pages. A regular perusal of it in detail keeps you fully posted on the great events of the world's history from day to day. As an educational feature alone, this department is of itself worth the price of the paper ten times told.

You will find plenty of reading to amuse, to instruct, to furnish food for thought, in the remaining portions of the paper. Look over it carefully, and you will agree with us that THE BLADE is the best and cheapest family paper in the world. And, by the way, don't you know some one who does not take it, but who should do so? Some one who would be glad to read it? If you do, send us their names, and we will gladly mail them sample copies, free, and thank you at the same time for furnishing us the names.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC.

Mr. HEPBURN, the solicitor of the Treasury, has a very important matter before him in the application of the Canadian Pacific railroad to be allowed the privilege of shipping goods in bond through United States territory. Though this road has never had formal permission, it has carried a great deal of bonded merchandise which it received from other bonded roads. The immediate cause of the present application is the construction of an extension of the Canadian Pacific line across the northern part of Maine, which gives it easy access to American ports, as well as a direct line to St. John.

The application is very broad in its terms, asking authority to transport dutiable goods in bond from any port of entry in the United States to Canada, and from or to any port of entry or delivery in the United States through Canada to or from any other port of entry or delivery in the United States, by either railroad or vessel. This is so broad a privilege that its concession would admit Canadian vessels to our lake and coasting trade but for the statutes to the contrary. It would admit the Canadian Pacific to a sort of land coasting trade between all the cities on our northern border from Eastport to Seattle. What the Canadian Pacific asks is, in effect, the right to compete with the American roads on equal terms, except for the limitation placed upon the latter, by the Inter-state commerce law.

It is felt at the Treasury department that the question raised by the application are very grave and complicated. One official remarked that it involved at the same time commerce, politics and diplomacy. The subject of the relation of Canadian roads to American commerce has occupied much of the attention of the Interstate Commerce commission of late, besides being at present under investigation by a Senate committee. It is believed that the department will proceed with great thoroughness and carefulness in its investigation and decision. Some idea of the magnitude of the interests involved may be gained from the fact that the dutiable merchadise transported in bond by Canadian roads last year amounted to nearly five million tons!

CARROLL D. WRIGHT is of the opinion that marriage is not a failure. He has collected statistics which estimates the number of married couples in the United States at about 9,500,000 in 1880, an increase from 1870 of nearly 30 per cent. The proportionate growth in the number of marriages was about equal to the ratio of increase in population. The divorces stood to the total marriages in 1880 as about one to 500. The states which show the largest ratio of divorces are those in the far West and the New England states, the first because of the unsettled condition of society in them, and the second because of liberal divorce laws. In Colorado there are 136 married couples to one divorce, in Rhode Island 190, while in New York, where the dissolution of marriage is difficult, the number is 1,154, and in the Southern states of Georgia, Maryland, Louisiana, South Carolina and Delaware divorces are even more infrequent.

NORTHERN capital and emigration will shun Arkansas, Mississippi and Louisiana until political assassination is regarded as a crime in those states.

LEONARD SWETT.

The death of LEONARD SWETT, of Chicago, removes the last of the group of Illinoisans, of whom ABRAHAM LINCOLN was the head, who came into prominence just before and during the civil war. It was the efforts of LEONARD SWETT and DAVID DAVIS, both comparatively young men at the time, that secured the nomination of LINCOLN at the Chicago convention of 1860. They were his personal as well as political friends, and their work in his behalf was unremitting. Neither had been politicians in the ordinary acceptance of the term, and neither mixed in politics to any great degree afterwards, although LINCOLN appointed Judge DAVIS to the supreme bench and he was elected United States Senator in consequence of the anti-LOGAN fight in the Illinois legislature in 1876. After the campaign of 1860 LEONARD SWETT took no further interest in politics until the last Republican national convention, to which he was a delegate, and where he made the speech nominating Judge GRESHAM.

LEONARD SWETT was a remarkable man. Over six feet tall, robust physically and intellectually, for thirty years one of the leaders of the Chicago bar, he was one of the best known men in Illinois. He was connected with nearly every prominent case in Chicago during the last quarter of a century, and had an almost unbroken record of successes. Personally, he was one of the most agreeable of men. To a happy disposition and pleasant address, he added great conversational power, cultivated taste and a skill as a story teller, that made him the center of every social gathering. In his death Illinois looses another of her famous men and Chicago a most distinguished citizen.

VITAL STATISTICS.

Superintendent of Census PORTER has decided to make a complete showing as regards vital statistics in the next enumeration. To this end he has called all physicians to his aid, and the census office, during the month of May this year, issued to the medical profession throughout the country "Physician's Registers" for the purpose of obtaining more accurate returns of deaths than it is possible for the enumerators to make. It is earnestly hoped that physicians in every part of the country will co-operate with the census office in this important work. The record should be kept from June 1, 1889, to May 31, 1890. Nearly 26,000 of these registration books were filled up and returned to the office in 1880, and nearly all of them used for statistical purposes. It is hoped that double this number will be obtained for the eleventh census.

Physicians not receiving registers, can obtain them by sending their names and addresses to the census office, and, with the register, an official envelope, which requires no stamp, will be provided for their return to Washington.

If all medical and surgical practitioners throughout the country will lend their aid, the mortality and vital statistics of the eleventh census will be more comprehensive and complete than they have ever been. Every physician should take a personal pride in having this report as full and accurate as it is possible to make it.

It is promised that all information obtained through this source shall be held strictly confidential.

THE ADJUTANT GENERALCY.

Col. JOHN C. KELTON has been appointed by President HARRISON to succeed Gen. DRUM, retired, as adjutant general of the army. The appointment is in the strict line of promotion, Col. KELTON being the ranking officer in the list of assistant adjutants general. He is 61 year old, a native of Pennsylvania and a graduate of West Point military academy. He served in the Union army during the war with bravery and distinction, both as a field and staff officer.

Gen. D

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

An Important Feature for "The Blade" This Summer.

Arrangements have just been completed by which readers of THE BLADE will be offered a novel feature this summer, one that will prove as interesting and instructive as it will be entertaining. Mr. ROBINSON LOCKE, the Editor of this paper, sails for Europe early in July, for a much needed rest and vacation, and will spend nearly two months among the people of northern Germany. During this time he will write a weekly letter to THE BLADE, which will be illustrated by photographs taken on the spot. These letters will faithfully depict the home life of the North Germans, and will tell the American reader about the manners and customs and habits of this thrifty people. Mr. LOCKE was in Europe for nearly five years with his father, the late D. R. LOCKE, (Nasby), and thus had an unequalled opportunity of familiarizing himself with this kind of work. We know that our readers will greatly enjoy Mr. LOCKE'S graphic letters from the North of Germany.

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER XI.

NOTE.—The two songs given last week, as well as "Yankee Doodle," can not strictly be considered "war songs;" but they were popular around the camp-fires, and are published in response to many requests. If any of our readers have copies of popular war songs—that is, songs that were sung by the boys in blue—they will confer a favor by sending them to us. Be sure to give the proper title and the author's name, if possible.—ED. BLADE.

YANKEE DOODLE.

[ORIGIN OF YANKEE DOODLE.—In the summer of 1775, the British army, under the command of Abercrombie, lay encamped a little south of Albany, N. Y., awaiting reinforcements from the Eastern states, previous to marching on Ticonderoga. During the month of June these raw levies poured into camp, company after company, each man differently armed, equipped and accoutred from his neighbor, and the whole presenting such a spectacle as was never equaled. Their outre appearance furnished great amusement to the British officers. One Dr. Shamburg, an English surgeon, composed the tune of "Yankee Doodle," and arranged it to words, which were gravely dedicated to the new recruits. The joke took, and the tune has come down to this day. The original words, which we take from Farmer and Moore's "Historical Collections," were published in 1820.]

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Goodwin,
And there we saw the men and boys,
As thick as hasty pudding.

CHORUS:—Yankee Doodle, keep it up!
Yankee Doodle dandy!
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy!

And there was Captain Washington
Upon a slapping stallion,
And giving orders to his men;
I guess there was a million.

And then the feathers on his hat,
They looked so tarnal finey,
I wanted peskily to get,
To give to my Jemima.

And there they had a swamping gun,
As big as a log of maple,
On a deuced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they fired it off
It took a horn of powder;
It made a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

I went as near to it myself,
As Jacob's underpinin',
And father went as near again—
I thought the deuce was in him!

(It scared me so I ran the streets,
Nor stopped as I remember,
Till I got home and safely locked
In granny's little chamber.)

And there I see a little keg,
Its heads were made of leather,
They knocked upon't with little sticks,
To call the folks together.

And there they'd fife away like fun,
And play on corn stalk fiddles,
And some had ribbons red as blood,
All bound around their middles.

The troopers, too, would gallop up,
And fire right in our faces,
It scared me almost half to death
To see them run such races.

Uncle Sam came there to change
Some pancakes and some onions,
For 'lasses cakes to carry home
To give his wife and young ones.

But I can't tell you half I seen,
They kept up such a smother;
So I took my hat off, made a bow,
And scampered home to mother.

THEY GRAFTED HIM INTO THE ARMY.

Our Jimmy has gone for to live in a tent,
They have grafted him into the army;
He finally puckered up courage and went,
When they grafted him into the army.
I told them the child was too young, alas!
At the captain's forequarters they said he would
be—
They'd train him up well in the infantry class—
So they grafted him into the army.

CHORUS:—Oh, Jimmy, farewell! your brothers fell
Way down in Alabammy;
I thought they would spare a lone
widder's heir,
But they grafted him into the army!

Dressed up in his unicorn, dear little chap!
They have grafted him into the army.
It seems but a day since he sot in my lap!
But they grafted him into the army.
And these are the trousers he used to wear—
The very same buttons—the patch and the
tear—
But Uncle Sam gave him a bran new pair
When they grafted him into the army!

Now in my provisions I see him revealed—
They have grafted him into the army.
A picket beside the contented field,
They have grafted him into the army.
He looks kinder sickish—begins to cry—
A big volunteer standing right in his eye!
Oh what can the ducky should up and die,
Now they've grafted him into the army?

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

"Pray to keep the boys from the saloon. *Vote* to keep the saloon from the boys."

Every family of the United States has at present to pay an average of $65 a year to enjoy the privilege of abundant facilities for being poisoned.—*Felix M. Oswald.*

To use leisure for carousing, to fire the blood with alcohol, to dwarf and waste men's substance in the close and fetid air of a bar-room, is not recreation; it is physical damnation.—*Chicago Times.*

The *Progressive Age* says that a manufacturer of steel cells for prisons, whose place of business was in Topeka, Kan., has moved out because the prohibition law has so reduced the number of criminals that there is no demand for cells or cages as in the bad old days of saloon supremacy.

The founders of the new mining town of Demorest, Georgia, have profound faith in a policy of town-building which cements the industrial structure with sobriety and virtue. It has been made a part of the consideration of every deed to land in this place that no intoxicating liquors shall ever be made, sold or given away as a beverage on the premises and that no gambling or prostitution shall ever be permitted.

The *Homiletic Review* says: Of 26 of the leading business firms and manufacturers of the United States—all rated by Dun's Mercantile agency as possessing a capital of at least $750,000—interviewed by us, only one allowed the use of liquor in his establishment, and then only during the dinner hour. Every one reports that the business interests of the employer are jeopardized by the dram-shop association of the employe, and that most cases of individual poverty among the latter can be traced to the saloons.

Hospitable.

"Well, Doctor, how did you enjoy your African journey? How did you like the savages?"

"Oh, they are very kind-hearted people; they wanted to keep me there for dinner."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Beginning Early.

Louise—Does your father approve of your engagement?

Lily—Oh, yes; papa thinks George real smart. In fact, he pinched papa in a wheat deal last week.—*Chicago Herald.*

UNCLE SAM'S MINES.

STATISTICS FOR THE YEAR 1888.

Report of the Division of Mining Statistics—Some Facts Worth Knowing Concerning the Mineral Wealth of the United States.

The sixth report on "The Mineral Resources of the United States," by David T. Day, chief of the Division of Mining Statistics and Technology, United States Geological Survey, is to be issued shortly. This report is for the calendar year 1888, and contains detailed statistics for this period, and also for preceding years, together with much descriptive and technical matter. The following are the totals of the production of the more important mineral substances in 1888:

Metals.

IRON AND STEEL.—The principal statistics for 1888 were: Domestic iron ore consumed, about 12,060,000 long tons; value at mines, $28,944,000. This is an increase over 1887 in quantity of 760,000 tons, but a decrease in value of $4,956,000. Imported iron ore consumed, 587,470 long tons. Pig-iron made in 1888, 6,489,738 long tons; value at furnace, $107,000,000. This is an increase over 1887 of 72,590 tons in quantity, but a decrease of $14,925,808 in value.

Steel of all kinds produced in 1888, 2,899,440 long tons; value at works, $89,000,000. This is a decrease from 1887 of 439,631 tons in quantity and of $14,811,000 in value. Total spot value of all iron and steel made 1888, in the first stage of manufacture, excluding all duplications, $145,000,000, a decrease of $26,163,000 as compared with 1887. Limestone used as flux in the manufacture of pig-iron in 1888, about 5,438,000 long tons; value at quarry, about $2,719,000.

GOLD AND SILVER.—According to the director of the mint, the gold product was 1,604,927 fine ounces, valued at $33,175,000. The silver product was 45,783,632 fine ounces, of the commercial value of about $43,000,000 and of the coining value of $59,195,000. This is an increase of 4,515,327 ounces over the product in 1887. In addition to the product of our own mines some 10,000,000 ounces of silver were extracted in the United States from foreign ores and bullion.

COPPER.—The total product, including the yield of imported ores, increased to 231,270,622 pounds, or 115,635 short tons, during 1888.

LEAD.—The product increased to 180,555 short tons from 160,700 tons in 1887. The increase was due principally to the heavier receipts of lead in Mexican silver-lead ores from 15,000 tons in 1887 to over 27,000 tons in 1888.

ZINC.—The erection of new works and the extension of old ones led to a further notable increase in the production of zinc in 1888. The additions to capacity were fairly uniformly distributed in the West, East, and South. Production in 1888, 55,903 short tons, with a total value of 55,500,855; in 1887, 50,340 tons, worth $4,782,300.

QUICKSILVER.—The product was 33,250 flasks (of 76½ pounds each) from California. No new valuable deposits were discovered in 1888, and without them it is not probable that the yield of quicksilver will increase.

NICKEL.—The industry remains unchanged except for indications of further developements at Lovelock, in Nevada and Riddle, Oregon. The product includes 190,637 pounds of metallic nickel, valued at $114,382 at 60 cents per pound, and 4,545 pounds, worth $1,136, exported in ores and matte. Total value, $115,510.

COBALT OXIDE.—The total product was 12,266 pounds, worth $18,444.

CHROMIUM.—The product was 1,500 tons in 1888.

MANGANESE.—The product of manganese and manganiferous iron ores in the United States in 1888 was 239,460 tons, valued at $876,215.

ALUMINUM.—The past year was more promising than ever before for the production of cheap aluminum. The production of metallic aluminum as an industry distinct from the production of alloys began toward the close of the year, and 500 pounds had been made up to December 31; the production of 3,000 pounds since then indicates that the industry may continue.

PLATINUM.—Including the platinum and iridium separated from gold by the assay offices and that saved in placer gold mining, the product was about 500 ounces, valued at $2,000.

Fuels.

COAL.—The total production of all kinds of commercial coal in 1888 was 142,037,735 short tons (increase over 1887, 18,022,480 tons), valued at the mines at $204,221,990 (increase $30,625,994). This may be divided into Pennsylvania anthracite 43 922 897 short tons (increase, 4,416 642 short tons), or 39 216 872 long tons, valued at $85 649,649 (increase, $6,284,405); all other coals, including bituminous, brown coal, lignite, small lots of anthracite produced in Colorado and Arkansas, and 4,000 tons of graphitic coal mined in Rhode Island, amounting in the aggregate to 98,114,838 short tons (increase, 13,605,838 tons), valued at $118,572,341 (increase $24,341,589).

COKE.—The production of coke in the United States in 1888 was 8,527,560 tons, valued at about $14,000,000. Pennsylvania produced (the Connellsville region) 4,955,553 tons; West Virginia, 528,533 tons; Alabama, 518,511 tons; Tennessee, 385,693 tons, and Virginia, 149,099 tons.

PETROLEUM.—The product of petroleum in the United States in 1888 was 27,346,018 barrels (of 42 gallons each), valued at about $24,598 559. Of this amount Pennsylvania produced 16,491,083 barrels; Ohio, 10,010,868 barrels; West Virginia, 119,445 barrels; California, 704,619 barrels, and other states 20,000 barrels.

NATURAL GAS.—The amount of natural gas consumed is given in coal displacement; that is, the amount of coal displaced by the use of natural gas. It is estimated that the amount of coal displaced by natural gas in the United States in 1888 was 14,163,830 tons, valued at $22,662,128. Of this amount, 12,543 830 tons were displaced in Pennsylvania; 750,000 tons in Ohio; and 660,000 tons in Indiana.

Structural Materials.

BUILDING STONE.—The value of the stone produced in 1888 is $25,500,000, or $500,000 more than in the preceding year.

BRICK AND TILE.—Value, $48,213,000. This figure represents only a small gain over 1887.

LIME.—The production is estimated at 49,087,000 barrels, with an average value of 50 cents per barrel, making a total of $24,543,500 as the value of the year's product.

CEMENT.—The amount of cement produced in 1888 is 6,253,295 barrels, valued at 72½ cents per barrel, making $4,533,639 as the value of the year's product.

Miscellaneous.

SALT.—The industry shows only slight changes: In 1888 the production was 8,055,881 barrels of 280 pounds, valued at $4,377,204. In 1887 the product was 8,003,962 barrels, worth $4,003,845. Kansas became a commercial source of salt in 1888, producing 155,000 barrels with a prospect of still greater increase in 1889.

	Value.
Bubrstone	$ 190,000
Grindstones	281,800
Corundum	91,620
Oilstones and whetstones	18,000
Gems	64,850
Phosphate rock	1,957,673
Marls	300,000
Bromine	95,290
Borax	455,340
Fluorspar	167,658
Fyrites	110,000
Barytes	430,000
Gypsum	1,000
Ozokerite	50,000
Soapstone	331,500
Asphaltum	50,000
Feldspar	175,000
Flint	300 000
Potters' clay	70,000
Mica	380,000
Mineral paints	33,000
Graphite	30,000
Fluor Spar	

Totals.

The total value of the minerals produced in 1888 was $591,659,931. It is recognized that this is the sum of the values of substances taken in various stages of manufacture and hence not strictly comparable with each other; still it is the most valuable means for comparing the total products of different years. The result is an increase of nearly $50,000,000 beyond the value of the product in 1887. In that year nearly every mineral industry showed an increase, and hence an increased total was evident. But the fact that the increase was so very large was due to rather exceptional conditions in a few important industries, and it could not reasonably be expected that a similar combination of circumstances would result in even a larger total value for 1888. Nevertheless the unprecedented stimulus given to the production of copper by an artificial price increased the total value of that product nearly $13,000,000, or nearly enough to offset the decline in the total value of pig iron. The other important factors in the increase were coal and the other fuels which followed the increased quantity of metals. With the anticipated decline of copper to the normal demand, a decline in the total value of the product of 1889 will not be inconsistent with the natural development of our mineral resources.

THE CALENDAR OF GEMS.

January.

By her who in this month is born
No gem save Garnets should be worn,
They will insure her constancy,
True friendship and fidelity.

February.

The February born shall find
Sincerity and peace of mind,
Freedom from passion and from care,
If they the Amethyst will wear.

March.

Who on this world of ours their eyes
In March first open shall be wise,
In days of peril firm and brave,
And wear a Bloodstone to their grave.

April.

She who from April dates her years
Diamonds should wear, lest bitter tears
For vain repentance flow; this stone,
Emblem of innocence, is known.

May.

Who first beholds the light of day
In spring's sweet flowery month of May
And wears an Emerald all her life,
Shall be a loved and happy wife.

June.

Who comes with summer to this earth,
And owes to June her hour of birth,
With ring of Agate on her hand
Can health, wealth and long life command.

July.

The glowing Ruby shall adorn
Those who in warm July are born;
Then will they be exempt and free
From love's doubt and anxiety.

August.

Wear a Sardonyx, or for thee
No conjugal felicity;
The August born without this stone,
'Tis said, must live unloved and lone.

September.

A maiden born when autumn leaves
Are rustling in September's breeze,
A Sapphire on her brow should bind,
'Twill cure diseases of the mind.

October.

October's child is born for woe,
And life's vicissitudes must know;
But lay an Opal on her breast
And hope will lull those words to rest.

November.

Who first comes to this world below
With drear November's fog and snow
Should prize the Topaz's amber hue,
Emblem of friends and lovers true.

December.

If cold December gave you birth,
The month of snow and ice and mirth,
Place on your hand a Turquoise blue,
Success will bless whate'er you do.
—*Notes and Queries.*

A PROFOUND YOUNGSTER

Enlightens the Assembled Theologians by His Discovery in Profane History.

There was a convention of Sunday school teachers in session at Crystal Lake and all the teachers of the three counties represented were there. The amount of Biblical and theological knowledge they had was something astounding. On the last day of the convention the high chief ranger of the affair announced to the 400 delegates that he would be pleased to have the knowing ones think up some hard questions on subjects pertaining to their work, write them on slips of paper, and submit them to him, and that evening at the last session, which was to be a sort of entertainment, he would answer them. A lot of people wrote their questions and gave them to the great professor, and when evening came he had about fifty good old gnarly problems in his bunch of paper slips.

The evening's exercise began with reading and answering the questions, and though some of them were from away back and very obtuse, the good man who had put himself up there as a mark coped with them successfully, and impressed the great gathering with his vast knowledge.

Finally he ran against a question that made him knit his brows. He scowled at it a moment and then laid it aside. When he answered all the rest he picked up this side-tracked query, and said:

"Here is a question which I confess I am unable to answer. I submit it to the audience, and if any one is able to give the answer I will be glad to know what it is."

Then he read this query:

"Who was the boy and what was his name who held the basket containing the five loaves and two fishes which fed the multitude?"

Nobody made any effort to answer it, and the professor said:

"It seems that nobody knows any more about it than I do. I will have to call on the person who submitted the question to come forward and answer it. Will you please do so?"

To the great surprise of the 400 people, and of his mother as well, Frank Jones, a thirteen-year-old schoolboy, got up and modestly walked up the aisle. Everybody looked at him amazed. The professor said:

"Did you submit this question?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you answer it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I am sure everybody will be glad to hear it."

"The boy," said Frank quietly but steadily, "was Ben Ezra, son of Miriam, who was a sister of Philip, one of the twelve disciples."

A murmur of astonishment ran over the audience. Here was something too deep for even the professed theologians in convention assembled. The professor turned to the boy:

"Did you find that in the Bible?"

"No, sir."

"Where, then, did you get it?"

"In Greek history."

That was the cap sheaf. A lad of 13 bowling down 400 declared teachers in the Christian cause, and telling them in an unassuming way that he dug the information out of Greek history.

I think it will be well to give this boy room to spread himself when he becomes a man.—*Chicago Mail.*

STRAWBERRY BONES.

Now, when the strawberry red
With pride lifts its head,
The devil does surely get mad;
And he, always right there,
Puts sand in its hair,
Just as bad as bones in the shad.
—*Mikehull.*

ABOUT THIMBLES.

Two hundred years ago thimbles were unknown in England.

The high rank Chinese thimble always has a mother-of-pearl case.

Gold, silver, iron, ivory, steel, pearl, shell, celluloid, rubber, and even glass are utilized in making thimbles.

With the thimble the Chinese lady always has a delicate pair of scissors of the finest steel, in a sheeth of pearl, and a pearl needle case.

Solid gold thimbles, elegantly carved, and frequently set with diamonds, are found none too good for many fashionable home decorators.

The wife of a prominent Brooklyn clergyman has a thimble that was carved from a peculiar stone she found on the shore of the Dead sea.

Thimbles made to order, with the monogram or initials of the person for whom they are intended set in precious stones, are by no means unknown objets d'art.

A lady in Boston has a thimble made from a piece of the old Washington elm at Cambridge, the tree under which Washington stood when he took the oath as commander-in-chief in 1775.

The thimble is claimed by the Dutch as an invention of their country, but it is known that it was in use among the silk embroiderers of China hundreds of years before it was used elsewhere.

The queen of Siam has a thimble, made of gold, in the form of a lotus bud, the lotus being the Siamese royal floral emblem, and thickly studded with diamonds, so arranged as to form the queen's name and the date of her marriage.

The Largest Tunnel.

It is a singular fact that the tunnel under the Hudson at New York, one of the biggest enterprises of modern times, is rarely mentioned in the newspapers. The tunnel is going quietly forward. There has been expended on it $1,000,000, and $2,500,000 is in hand to proceed with. The distance is 5,600 feet. One of the two passages is completed a third of this length and the other more than a tenth of it.

College Colors.

The colors of some of the larger colleges are: Harvard, crimson; Princeton, orange and black; Amherst, white and purple; Cornell, cornelian and white; Columbia, blue and white; University of Michigan, blue and maize; Vassar, pink and gray; Williams, royal purple; University of Virginia, cardinal and gray; Johns Hopkins university, blue and black; University of Pennsylvania, blue and red.

LAW MAKING.

The Process of the Legislative Functions.

The laws are published in various forms. They are first published separately in sheet form, as slip laws, as soon as possible after being received by the bureau, and numbered in the order of their receipt. When so published, the slip laws are given to the editor of the laws (a competent person selected from the legal profession by the secretary of State and privately employed for that purpose,) who notes marginal references to previous legislation, arranges the acts and resolutions by chapters, and prepares a suitable index; and under his editorial care, at the end of the session of Congress, they appear again in pamplet form, as session laws. Lastly, at the close of Congress, the laws of each session are gathered by the editor into a single volume and bound as Statutes at Large. The numerous readings given to the printed proof, and the careful comparison with the text of the originals, effectually guard against discrepencies. The manner in which the department performs its duty is thoroughly creditable; the manner in which Congress dismisses its own work is, in many instances, absolutely disgraceful. Some of the rolls received in the department are disfigured by erasures, interlineations and blots, by errors in orthography, capitalization and punctuation, and by higheroglyphic mangling, that suggests the masterpieces of schoolboy art. These and mere serious imperfections, once placed upon the parchment rolls, are law. However glaring the blunder, however mischievous the distortion or omission, the State department is powerless to add a correcting dot or stroke. Mistakes made by Congressional enrolling clerks have undone legislation accomplished by Congress after hours of debate. An item of half a million dollars for public purposes was bodily left out in the enrollment of a recent appropriation act; the substitution of a comma for a hyphen in transcribing a tariff measure some years ago caused a loss to the government of thousands of dollars before the error was detected and further loss arrested by the passage of another act. These are but specimen cases. It is humiliating to think that a sleepy or incompetent clerk should be able to frustrate the legislative will of a nation, and startling to reflect on the opportunities for fraud by deliberate tampering with the public rolls. Blemishes enough are engrafted upon our statute books by the legislators themselves, in the shape of careless or unwise enactments; surely, if we cannot always have clear statesmanship, we should have at least clear penmanship in the parchment record of our laws. The blame, like the remedy, rests with Congress.—*St. Nicholas.*

FATE AND LACE WORK.

Of course I loved him. (One, two, three,
An slip the fourth.) Dear fellow! yes,
He fairly worshipped me. (Now, look;
This time you take two stitches less.)
Quite tall, well-built; his eyes were gray—
(You pull that thread the other way.

Two loops.) A dimple in his chin,
The sweetest hair. (My dear, observe.)
He was a poet. (This begins
The second row, and makes the curve.)
I'm sure you'd like to read the rhymes
He wrote me. (Round the edge, three times.)

Poor boy! His fate was very sad;
He died quite young. (Another one,
But not so tight.) It broke my heart.
(There, that is very nicely done.)
He was my first love, and—my last.
Be careful, dear; don't go so fast.)

My husband? Oh, the kindest soul!
I met him (now, the pattern shows!)
In Europe. We were married there;
And—oh, well, yes!—as marriage goes,
I'm happy. (Keep the thread quite straight,
Or it will tangle.) Such is fate!
—*Madeline S. Bridges in Puck.*

SMITH'S WHISTLING WELL.

A Natural Barometer Which Warns Kansas People of Approaching Storms.

There is a well in Kansas, owned by R L. Smith, a farmer living one mile south of Winona, Logan county, which is better than any barometer yet invented. It is 135 feet deep and sends out a strong current of air, which, as it escapes through the aperture about the pump-stock, whistles in a loud, flute-like tone, that is distinctly audible to every citizen in the township and more penetrating than the noise of any fog horn. It is rather melodious, and heard at a distance its varying notes resemble those of an æolian harp. This wierd music may be heard for from six to twelve hours preceding a storm of wind or rain, or the approach of a blizzard, and when the tempest strikes it plays all the louder until it has passed by, drawing in the air with a queer gurgling sound. In Logan county there are a great many wind storms, and whenever the people hear Mr. Smith's well whistling they strike out at once for the cyclone caves. Hundreds of people have investigated it, but no attempt is made to explain the mystery.

It Pays to be Polite.

While visiting a lady friend at Austin, Tex., shortly before her death, the late Miss Mary S. Gilpin, a wealthy but eccentric lady, attended the Episcopal church in that city, and took a fancy to the minister. Next day, so her lady friend states, Miss Gilpin, being dressed very shabbily, hobbling along with an old broom strick, drew her sight draft for $1,000 on a Philadelphia bank, in favor of the pastor. The check was endorsed by a wealthy lady of Austin. She met the pastor on a street car and intimated that she was in need of help, saying she was going to the house of the minister. The preacher said she need not, as he had no help to give, and he treated the old woman very coolly. Miss Gilpin became disgusted, returned to her lady friend, tore up the check, and thus the minister, for refusing to give alms, himself lost $1,000.

Girls Will Be Girls.

Don't scold the girls for flirting, but teach them good manners and correct deportment on the street as well as in the drawing-room. They will take such teaching kindly, especially if they are made to see the dangers attending the other course.

Girls must be taught to be womanly. They have the instinct, but the desire to act must be cultivated. If it isn't, the probabilities are that their desires will be improper, and these will necessarily lead to the formation of bad habits.

Girls will be girls, just as boys will be boys. Don't forget this.

A well raised girl will never indulge in unseeming conduct, unless she has a vicious taint in her blood. When this exists, it may be cultivated out, or at least kept in easy subjection.—*Pittsburg Gazette.*

A Woman's Revenge.

The other day a Portland lady ordered spring chicken for dinner without inquiring the price. It proved to be 60 cents a pound, and her husband sarcastically expressed his discontent. The next day an order was left with the family grocer for some cucumbers to be sent to the same house. The grocer telephoned to the lady that cucumbers were small and 60 cents apiece, inquiring if she wanted them at that price. "Yes," was the reply "Send them up. I don't care if they are $1 apiece. My husband ordered them."—*Portland Advertiser.*

A lady in Boston has a thimble made from a piece of the old Washington elm at Cambridge, the tree under which Washington stood when he took the oath as commander-in-chief in 1775.

The thimble is claimed by the Dutch as an invention of their country, but it is known that it was in use among the silk embroiderers of China hundreds of years before it was used elsewhere.

The queen of Siam has a thimble, made of gold, in the form of a lotus bud, the lotus being the Siamese royal floral emblem, and thickly studded with diamonds, so arranged as to form the queen's name and the date of her marriage.

A Good Opening.

Harlem Real Estate Agent—I hope you will take this store. You'll find this a good neighborhood for an undertaker.

Undertaker—I'm afraid to risk it.

"It's a very sickly neighborhood, sir."

"Indeed!"

"And a great many doctors about."

"That's good. Still I'm afraid."

"And no end to the boarding-houses."

"Sir, I'll take the room."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Had Struck Something Harder.

"I suppose you find this to be a hard, hard world, do you not? she said, as she gave the tramp a loaf of stale bread.

"Yes'm," answered the tramp, trying to make a dent in the loaf with his knife; "but we frequently strike things that are harder."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Why He Hates 'Em.

Miss Pyrte—What makes you such a confirmed woman-hater, Mr. Olebach?

Mr. Olebach—Well, when I was a young man a woman made a fool of me.

Miss Pyrte—And you never got over it? —*Terre Haute Express.*

Better be Expeditious.

Two lovers at parting:

He—Shall you remain true to me, my love, till I return?

She—Y-e-es; but come back soon!—*Il Carlino.*

The Latest Problem.

If a boy and a half eat a green apple and a half in a minute and a half how will they feel in an hour and a half.—*Harper's Bazar.*

GYPSY LULLABY SONG.

Sleep, sweet! My chauvie sleep!
The stars are out an' blinkin';
Along the cliffs the shadows creep;
What is my reckie thinkin'?
Thy father'll find the patrin true
Across the wide, wide heather;
He'll come, he'll come! His life's in you;
He'll come, whate'er the weather!
Sleep, sweet! My chauvie, sleep!

Sleep, sweet! My chauvie, sleep!
The camp's made snug and tidy;
His heart is here both true and deep,
Where'er a-dickerin' abide he.
The stick is burnished o'er the fire;
The tent smiles welcome surely;
The kettle sings wi' a' good things;
An' we a' wait securely.
Sleep, sweet! My chauvie, sleep!

Sleep, sweet! My chauvie, sleep!
Now sleep an' dream but lightly.
I hear a whisper in the leaves!
The fire glints up more brightly.
Old Dugal an' the grys prick up;
The kettle 'gins a humming;
Oh, Love is sure and knows afar!
Chee! Chee! Thy father's coming.
Wake now, my chauvie, wake!
—*Edgar L. Wakeman in Good Housekeeping.*

CURRENT COMMENT.

He Didn't Know.

Chicago Herald.

The other day two well-known Hebrew clothing merchants who have been bosom friends for years took lunch together in a private room of a popular restaurant. They had an elaborate layout, consisting of patties, cold asparagus and other similar delicacies, topping off with a frapped pint of "white seal" wine. As they sat sipping the sparkling beverage and pulling at fragrant perfectos the elder man said to the other: "I say, Isaac, vere in de vorldt do you subbose dese gristians gel all de money dey git do us?" And Isaac replied: "Benny, I gant imachine vere."

Culture in the Far West.

Sacramento Record-Union.

A house in this city yesterday received the following letter from a young woman residing in a mountain town up North: "Have you got a song with the words & accompliment called chipy Get your Hair cut, johny get your gun I don't know the name of the song but I think that is part of the first verse. Please let me know right away if you have it & the price of it & also have you also music of a Song called of the day and price of it, & have you got a song called she is my big Fat Consumpted liza jane & price of it."

Life is Still Worth Living.

Washington Press.

If this country were half as wicked as the pessimistic Mugs paint it, Sheol would be a shut-up shop.

A Gross Impertinence.

Utica Herald.

As a political party, the advocates of Prohibition have the same rights as any other party, and no more. When they enter religious organizations and abuse the privileges of the pulpit to assert that their methods must be accepted, and that all who fail to follow their lead are corrupt and criminal, they violate the rules of courtesy not only, but of common decency.

Too Well, Perhaps.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Mr. Walker, having lived in England for the last four years, ought to understand the English doctrine of free trade well enough for the place (Barnum's, on the National Democratic committee).

Long Adjectives.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Mr. Cleveland's recent characteristically polysyllabic and platitudinous speech.

Two Sorts of 'Em.

Albany Times.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Sun*, expresses vigorous objection to what it calls the Some-Day Democrats, a band of cranks who insist upon new issues. It should also include the Some-Other-Day Democrats who are looking to 1892 to rehabilitate the lost issue of 1888.

South Pole Fisheries.

From Nature.

An Antarctic expedition is again being talked of. A New Zealand colonist of Norwegian origin has come to Europe for the purpose of taking out a contingent of his countrymen accustomed to fishing. His object is to endeavor to organize an Antarctic whale fishery. He hopes to equip two steamers with which to explore the region generally, and, if possible, he will leave a contingent of men on Victoria Land or some other suitable point for a whole year. One or more scientific men will be taken, so that if the expedition be carried out we may expect important results.

Sunday in Kearney.

Fairfield Saturday Call.

The boom in Kearney, Neb., is on to such a degree that even the ministers have caught the real estate fever. Last Sunday a Kearney minister announced that he would take his text from Lot 7, Block 5, St. John's second addition, and no one in the congregation noticed it except a man in the back row who never owned a dollar's worth of real estate in his life.

About the Size of It.

Atchison, Kan., Globe.

Imagination is that part of man which magnifies his own troubles and his neighbor's joys.

Queen Vic's Sympathy.

New York Press.

Queen Victoria's sympathy for Johnstown, so far as is known, was not spelt sympathy.

A Remarkable Year.

New York Herald.

This is a year of unprecedented happenings. The Samoan disaster was the greatest of its kind. The rescue of the Danmark's passengers was the largest ever known. The sailing of the steamer Hawkhurst, while burning, 2,300 miles, is probably unexampled. And now comes the Johnstown horror with the unequaled list of victims. What will be next?—*Baltimore American.* A year which began with a total eclipse (January 1) and also ends with one (December 31) is bound to be a remarkable one.

BENEFITS OF FENCING.

It Gives the Bloom of Health and a Grace to Women.

The success of the ladies' fencing class has proved beyond a doubt the propriety of fencing as a ladies' pastime. It is not too violent, for each one can regulate her activity to suit herself, and remain on the defensive or assume the offensive as she feels like it. Twenty minutes of active fencing will give more exercise to all the muscles of the body than two hours of pretty fast walking. One of the members or the ladies' class said to the writer that in her opinion one month's fencing will teach a girl better how to walk and carry herself in a drawing-room than a year's lessons in dancing and calisthenics, while physicists, it may be cultivated out, or at least kept in easy subjection.—*Pittsburg Gazette.*

Those who have seen the lithe, straight figures and graceful motions of the ladies who indulge in fencing will be inclined to agree with her fully and to wish success to those who have added to the list of female athletics an exercise so eminently fitsed for the use of the fair sex and for their physical development.—*New York Star.*

A Skeptic's Reason.

Boston Globe.

"There is only one thing that makes me doubt the truth of the Gospel," said Colonel Mooney, when Bob Roosevelt was trying to persuade his friend to turn from the error of his ways. "What is that?" asked Roosevelt. "The apostles were nearly all fishermen."

A TERRIBLE TALE.

IN the grewsome glum of his chamber dim, as the flappering flame burnt low, he thought him a think of a female grim, as he dreamt of the long ago, and his memory dwelt on the sourful scene when Lucretia bowled him o'er for a Turk whose figure was lank and lean, but who wallowed in gold galore.

Oh, the sniggering wail of a jilted lad,
In the dunful drear of night—
Deal a dole of tears for the story sad
Of a youth in a plaintsome plight!

And the gallful thought of the whole blamed thing did so settle upon his brain that the deepsome state of his suffering made him jibber and jounce with pain, till the blank-blank fool at the end gave way to the glamour of suicide—alas, for the cold of his clamsome clay, for he blew out the gas, and—died!

Oh, the sniggering wail of a jilted lad,
In the dunful drear of night—
Deal a dole of tears for the story sad
Of a youth in a plaintsome plight!
—*Judge.*

Potatoes in Oregon.

Many farmers have given up all idea of finding a market for their potatoes. Dealers say that at least three-fourths of the entire crop remains in the hands of the producers. Of course potatoes can not be had for nothing in this city, but dealers are supplied, and a farmer bringing in any quantity could not find a market for them at a price which would pay for the sacks and hauling. So many farmers are literally throwing potatoes away. Mr. Tyszkiewicz, of Bachelor Island, has dumped 350 sacks of as fine Burbanks as ever were seen into the Columbia.—*Portland Oregonian.*

Crushed.

Chicago Drummer (parting from his sweetheart)—Now, Miss Fannie, I am about to go on the road again—to Oklahoma, probably—a country full of danger. You may never see me no more. (Voice chokes with emotion.) What—what have you to say?

Miss Fannie—(cheerfully)—Hurry up, John, you may miss the train.—*Texas Siftings.*

Very Pastoral.

"Yours is an agricultural country, isn't it?" asked a man on the limited of his new acquaintance from Dakota.

"Yes, pardner."

"What do you raise, mostly?"

"Jack pots."—*Drake's Magazine.*

Publishers' Column.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portrait which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of ten	1 40

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.

The price of this Scale is $6.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz. up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

ANOTHER NEW PICTURE.

"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur.

This wonderful picture, the masterpiece of the greatest animal painter the world has ever seen, has been on exhibition in nearly all the cities of Europe, and after being owned by A. T. Stewart and W. H. Vanderbilt, America's greatest millionaires, has now been placed on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

The spirit, action and strength here represented have never before been equaled on canvas, and the picture stands alone as the greatest and most life-like painting of horses ever produced. We are now handling a most exquisite reproduction of this painting (size 20x34) and not only does it rival the line engraving in clearness of execution but it also has all the tones and tints of the original painting. This masterpiece should be in every home as it is an art education to be able to see and study the figures, and no one should neglect this exceptionally advantageous opportunity of securing a copy of this wonderful and world renowned picture Sent postpaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Address, The BLADE, Toledo, O.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munckacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celeb

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

IT IS EVERY WOMAN'S DUTY

To Do What She May for Other Less Fortunate Women.

EVERY woman should feel it to be her bounden duty to help every other woman to the utmost of her ability. I do not mean that she should narrow her sympathies to her own sex alone, for they ought ro be as broad as humanity, but there never was a time when there was such need of a large measure of helpful work for women as now. Notice carefully that I say "helpful" and not "charitable," for the latter is not what I am talking about. Time was when the women who went out into the world for self-support were the exception, whereas now they are the many, and the majority are thrown among strangers, outside of home protection and home comforts. Rarely, indeed, do they receive the same compensation that would be given to men for like work, for as yet, the laws governing these things have not been adjusted to the new state of things, and it is sex that determines the matter. Wages range from two to seven dollars a week where they are not paid "by the piece," and there are many more who receive the minimum than the maximum.

We may regret that there are not more girls who feel that domestic labor can furnish them with a good occupation, fair pay and comfortable homes, just as the gathering of men in cities to be half of the time idle instead of going out into the country to be farmers has been deprecated, but existing exigencies must be met, and the best made of circumstances. The fact that there are hundreds upon hundreds of girls and women right here in Toledo, as well as in every other city and town in the land, who receive barely living wages, to whom, because of this, temptations come with a power which those in pleasant homes, surrounded by loving friends, often wot not of, renders it vitally important that in every way their path should be brightened by the more fortunate. And this ought to be done, not so much for individual good as for the good of the community, though in a sense every woman is personally responsible for her sister woman wherever she may be.

WORKING WOMEN'S HOMES.

This is the key-note to the establishment of the working-women's homes that are multiplying so rapidly. Pleasant, restful surroundings have not a little to do with morality, as every thoughtful observer knows, and to furnish these at a low cost is the object. In the great city of London where are a quarter of a million of single women working for a living, the matter has been most urgently brought before the people with the result of the opening of many such houses as the following, described by a writer in the *American Queen*:

> The house, which is in Fitzroy street, Fitzroy square, is most comfortably arranged. Seventy girls can be received within its walls. Here we saw some of the inmates, who seemed to be in the enjoyment of robust health and exuberant spirits. The sitting room is large, and has a cheery appearance, just as it should have, for a bright room is a very heaven of rest and comfort after a hard day's work.
>
> A cottage piano stands against one wall, and many books are at hand, while pictures are plentiful. At the back is a smaller apartment, which is used in the morning by those who happen to be at home, so that the front one may be kept tidy, and ready for afternoon and evening occupation. The matron, who was away, but her place was well-filled by her assistant, who showed us over the house and initiated us into the working of it in the pleasantest manner. The ground floor having been examined, the cubicles were next inspected.
>
> These cubicules are spaces petitioned off with wood, and are large enough to admit bed, washstand and chest of drawers. The partition walls are not nearly as high as the room, so there is plenty of ventilation above. On the next floor there are large bedrooms, which are not subdivided, and these remind us of those we see in girls' schools. Perfect cleanliness and tidiness prevail. The girls make their own beds, but the cubicules are cleaned for them.
>
> These homes are, many of them, under the management of a guild, which is organizing branches in other English cities for the same purpose.

In Boston a similar work is done by what is called the Helping Hand Society, which took it up where Miss Jennie Collins laid it down a few years ago. Beside the home kept open in this way, there are one or two others that are always full, and the inmates are far happier and more comfortable than they could be under any ordinary circumstances. New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Detroit, Cleveland and many more cities have proved the beneficial results of thus aiding women in their hard struggle for self-support by placing within their reach the comforts of a home, which could not otherwise be theirs through self-respecting labor.

THE WORK IN TOLEDO.

Four years ago last January a movement was inaugurated here in Toledo looking to the establishment of a boarding-house of this kind. Knowledge had come to the women who made the beginning, that assured them of the need of such a practical help for working women. They knew of young girls with a pittance of a salary who were obliged, in order to be comfortably warm, to spend the long winter evenings in the sitting room of a third rate boarding-house where was a promiscuous gathering of other boarders, the majority of whom were men—and where coarse jokes and boisterous laughter were the order of the hours. What mother would not shrink from the thought of her daughter in such a place as this? Others again, when their work was over, had only the cold and cheerlessness of a hall bedroom to go to, and the brightly lighted streets, thronged with people, were a greater attraction. Others again rented cheap rooms in public buildings, where they "boarded themselves," and were without protection or restraint of any kind. There were none to take especial interest in them, none to advise, none to stretch out an interposing hand when the tempter drew near. Were they sick, their wages stopped and it was chance charity that looked after them and gave them care. What wonder if, often and often, weary and dispirited, they listened to the whisperings that promised ease and comfort, with the pretty adornments that they longed for.

It was to do something to remedy this state of things that in March, 1885, Hotel Industry was opened for working women. To accomplish this, a great deal of hard work was done by those whose hands were already full to overflowing of necessary duties to be fulfilled, but it was carried through bravely in the face of many discouragements. Five young girls sat down to the first meal with the matron in this pretty home, the comforts of which were provided at a price that came within the limits of their means to pay for. Before the year was over more than fifty had found a home there, some of them only for a season, others staying until they left the city or had homes of their own.

After a time, larger quarters were made necessary by the numbers desiring accommodation, and a removal was made into the present building upon Superior street. Those who have visited it know that here is a pleasant place, with a large, airy dining room, a pretty parlor, comfortable sleeping rooms, a small library of well-chosen books, and the comforts that belong to a well-regulated household. The boarders are cared for by a careful matron. If sick, they are looked after until well. If thrown out of employment, they are given a home and assisted to find another situation. No restrictions are placed upon their freedom other than any good mother would place upon her daughters, but a pleasant home-life is secured which is wholesome in influence, and satisfies, in a large measure, the longing for social enjoyments. And this is provided at the same cost as the mockery of a home mentioned farther back.

To do this has required an immense amount of self-sacrificing labor upon the part of the directors,—a few of whom have stood at their posts from the very beginning—labor for which there is—there *can* be no reward except the consciousness of doing a good work for humanity's sake. While the hotel is expected to be nominally self-supporting, it can only be made so by the utmost vigilance, by the most careful business calculation. There is no romance, no sentiment connected with its management. It means shrewd foresight, thrift, economy, constant watchfulness, and often, in exigencies, hard individual labor that would not be thought of in their own homes.

If, as has often been said, it is easier to save, than to reform—if it be wiser to stimulate self-support than to give alms,—if it be better to help the helpful than to wait until discouragement brings despair, then this attempt to provide a home for working-women is worthy of all encouragement. And it is only a beginning of what is contemplated in the future, and of what has been accomplished in other cities.

There is not a town or city in the United States where a similar work would not be advantageous and humane. Especially is this true in all large cities, while in smaller ones where is less need, perhaps, of a regular boarding-house, a place where a temporary home can be provided when out of employment or resting, would do great good. That with due effort the enterprise can be carried out without a great deal of money to begin with, Toledo's experience will show. EMILY S. BOUTON.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

WEDDING PRESENTS.—"What shall I do? This is the sixth wedding present in four months. Really, I shall have to ask all the girls I know to stop getting married," said a young lady to me the other day. "Can you not devise something for her—anything that will not cost much and yet be pretty? Why, how pretty that is; it makes me think of the linked sweetness of Chaucer." This was a bag I was embroidering of ivory white silk, with a design of pink flowers and green leaves. It was only a bit of pastime work then, but it developed into "The Chaucer Bag," and finally went to the bride. The Chaucer bag is a scent bag to place upon underclothing, and is made of white satin of the ivory shade. It is backed with tarlatan and lined with arbutus—pink silk. It is embroidered with pink flowers and green leaves. It is tied with a third of an inch wide white ivory ribbon; the ends of the bag where it opens are fringed out; the fringe kept from raveling by a fine buttonholing of silk. Tie the two halves of the bag together, not too tightly, and by a fastening stitch or two secure and throw the upper open half to the right, going off to that side, to show the pink of the lining. I add a few lines from Chaucer that may breathe good wishes, which may be done in old English letters or in fac simile of the giver's hand-writing. Fill the stuffing of the bag (cotton-wadding) with plenty of scent powder.

> "In silke embrouded ful of grene greves,
> In with a fret of rede rose leves."
> "And now sweetnesse semeth more swete."
> "Hyt way May and in the Downynge."
> "God sends the wel to kepe."

—DE VERE FERD.

TABLE SCARFS.—Seeing several inquiries in the HOUSEHOLD about table scarfs, I thought I would tell the sisters how I made quite a pretty one. I used fine fawn-colored felt. Used Hibiscus for one end and golden-rod for the other. Stamp only one end at a time. The golden-rod is best put on first. Tube oil paints in the following colors will be needed: Chrome yellow, lemon yellow, bright zinnober, green chrome, green No. 1 brown, and Raphaelite white, sable brushes Nos. 2, 4 and 6, and a bottle of drying oil to use in mixing the paint. A pattern ten by twenty would be suitable in size. For the golden-rod, take up the color on the point of the brush and put in on with an up and down motion of the hand. Paint the stems and leaves in two shades of green. For the hibiscus, Kremnitz-white, rose-madder, geranium-lake, chrome-green, lemon-yellow, zinnober-green will be needed. Paint the design white first; when dry, retouch the hibiscus-blossom with white, rose-madder and geranium-lake. Give a deeper tinge to some of the petals. The stamens made of a pale pink. Paint the leaves and stems in two shades of green. I lined the scarf with pink sateen and finished the covers with plush balls.—DE VERE FERD.

Will illustration be printed if sent with articles on painting, etc., etc.?—DE VERE.

If they do not involve too much work they will be.—ED.

AN INEXPENSINE RUG.—I will tell the sisters how I made a rug. For the foundation take any old cloth. Then I had a piece of green sateen about a yard long by ⅔ yard wide. I took yarn and worked pictures of horses, cows, sheep, hogs, chickens, turkeys and a nice big shepherd dog. Some of the cattle are lying down under shade trees, and others running and playing. Have the sateen about four inches smaller than the foundation, and border with strips of bright cloth and finish the edge with red lace.—LOTTIE.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and k, slip and knit; t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o over; sl, slip; n, needle.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; el ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, doublechain stitch; picot, p c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh d, short crochet.

NOVELTY LACE.—Chain 35—1st row: 3 t c in 4 ch—1 ch—3 t c in 5 ch—3 t c in 10 ch—1 ch—3 t c in 11 ch—ch 7—1 l t c in 19 ch—1 ch—1 l t c in 20 ch—1 ch—1 l t c in 21 ch—7 ch—3 t c in 29 ch—1 ch—3 t c in 30 ch—3 t c in 34 ch—1 ch—3 t c in 35 ch—ch 3—turn; 2d row: sh in ch—1 ch—3 t c—1 ch—3 t c—sh in sh—1 ch—sl st in first of 7 ch—6 ch—1 sl st in on first 1 of 1 t c—4 t c over first 1 ch—1 sl st on 2 of 1 t c—2 t c, 2 l t c—2 l t c—1 sl st on 3 of 1 t c—4 t c, 1 sl st on last of 1 t c—6 ch—1 sl st on last of 7 ch—sh in sh—sh in sh 3 ch—turn; 3d row: sh in sh—sh in sh—ch 7—4 t t c with 1 ch between—1 t c—7 ch—sh in sh—sh in sh—chain 5, fasten in the last sh of 1st row—turn; 4th row: 10 sh—t c over 5 ch—rest of this row is like 2d row—5th row like 3d row—6th row like 4th row—7th row like 3d row—8th row like 4th row—11th row like 3d row. Will give scallop for this next week. This makes nice about 4 inches wide and very beautiful. I thank Housekeeper Woman for her instructions. This pattern is based on them.—BLUE BELL, Oak Grove, Ill.

BLOCK INSERTION.—Crochet ch of 21 stitches.—Turn—make sheil of 3 dc—ch 1—3 dc in 18th stitch—ch 14 make shell in 14th stitch—1 dc in 1 stitch—turn; repeat 2d row 4 times—turn; make sh in sh—ch 8—turn; pass hook around the long 5 chs, join in s c—turn; 11 d c in each of the 8 stitches—turn; repeat from star 3 times. This finishes the block; sh in sh. In repeating this, join the next block in opposite corner of block. Will some one please send me colored landscape pictures they may have; would like them to copy from for painting? Will return postage.—MABEL TRUPP, Lexington, Mich.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOCIAL GAMES.—I will try to give a few social games, in answer to a recent request. They may not be new to all, but will be to some. Angling is one of the latest, and is very entertaining. It is played as follows: Sets of tiny tin fishes, each with a ring in its back, and with a number upon it, and slender rods, lines and hooks are provided. Each one has so many chances to fish, and should he succeed in hooking a fish, he is allowed as many as the number upon the fish. Some high number—one hundred, for instance—is a game. If one does not care to buy the fishes, they can be carved out of half inch boards with a hatchet saw and have screw eyes fastened to them, or they can be made of strips of half inch wood, three inches long and one and a half wide; they can be painted, stained or gilded. The rods may be made of strips of wood sandpapered smooth and painted, and linen thread and bent pins can form the lines and hooks. By having three or four sets, it can be played in a progressive form and prizes given. The prizes can consist of pin-cushions, pen-wipers and blotters made in the form of fishes; also candy fishes.

Foba Boga, or bean bags, I have described once. Donkey and Jumbo parties have been the rage. The former consists of the outline of a large donkey pinned to the wall, minus the tail. Each player is blindfolded, and tries to pin on a paper tail. The one nearest right gets the first prize and the one farthest off gets the booby prize. Each player puts their name upon the tail they pin on. A Jumbo party is the same, only it is an elephant without a trunk. Both are amusing for a change. Consequences is an old, but well liked game. The players are seated around the room, and one person goes around and whispers to each a person's name. The next goes around and gives the name of some article. The third tells them what to do with the article. It runs something like this: "Annie Dow had a bouquet, and she ate it." It is a very amusing game. Another way to play it is to furnish each player with a strip of paper and pencil. First each one writes a lady's name and after it the word "met," and folds the name out of sight, and passes it to the next one. A gentleman's name is written next, and turned under, then a place is written, then what he said; then what she said. Lastly the consequence. As no one knows what any one else writes it is quite amusing, and reads something after this fashion: Ella Smith met John Jones on the bridge; he said "it is a fine evening;" she said "it rains." The consequence was they sat down.

Another paper game is to draw a head and neck, leaving the neck in sight after it is turned over; the next one draws a body, turning it down also, while a third one draws the feet. Poets is another interesting game. The leader selects some word that rhymes with a number of other words. Each person has to make as many lines as possible, each one a rhyme with the given word. They are all written into one poem (?) and read by the leader. Any one failing to comply has to pay a forfeit. I will give a few forfeits. To place two persons upon a newspaper, so they cannot touch each other. Place the paper in a doorway, standing one upon each side with the door shut between. To pile up the chairs in the center of the room, take off your shoes and jump over them (the shoes, not the chairs). Owing to limited time, I cannot say any more upon the subject, but promise the young people to, in the near future, give them some more games, both old and new. —MONTANA MAY.

GOOD WORDS FOR SCREENS.—May I come in again long enough to add my vote about screens? If I promise not to say one word about Sunday visiting. I am so pleased with the letter of "Kansas Farmer's Wife" in BLADE of April 18. It has a very familiar ring, and I feel as if the lady were known to me. I once lived in "sunny Kansas," and retain vivid recollections of those days. Rents were high, houses scarce, and those built for rent poor as dirt. Three rooms in a row, end to street, guiltless of hallways, closets or pantry, but all the doors so placed you could stand in front one—as front gate, for that matter—and look clear through to alleyway. Yes, it lacked a deal of being pleasant, sometimes.

I had a screen made in two panels, each 5½ feet high, and 30 inches wide. The frames were pine strips, 2 inches square. I gave them two coats of black paint, then one of thin copal varnish. I covered one side with dark blue satine, using small upholsterer's tacks, and finishing with a small gilt "beading," which cost but little. This screen, set round a square of pretty oil-cloth at front door, with a pot of scarlet geraniums in the corner, was bright and pretty, while the side next the room being covered with cheese-cloth, tinted to match wall paper, a bright scarf caught across it, was not inharmonious. Being on casters, and either wing easily moved, it gave privacy and comfort without shutting out the air.

Another screen, 4 feet high in cheaper materials, shut off dining-table, bed, or kitchen work, as seemed desirable, and I should scarcely have known how to keep house without them.

At one time we lived for a year on a ranch where the only available house had but one huge, bare, barn-like room, 20x24 feet. It had been built by a very eccentric man, who seemingly had tried to combine various styles in small space. The roof was steep, "high-pitched." The house stood end to the road, on the south. The front door was near the west corner, a huge box bay window being almost in the middle on that side. About four feet from the corner on the the east was a single sash, swinging window, and three feet farther a door. But in northern and western walls were set long, low casements in old English style. Such a queer mixture! And there it stood in the glare and sun of an Illinois prairie, with not a tree or bush to relieve my aching eyes. But it was shelter for the time, and we were young and happy and hopeful. I wish I might have space to tell you how we made a home of it, but I started out to tell of my screens. After the board floor was laid overhead that we might use attic to store away our things, and a ladder on hooks and a shed built for fuel, etc., at the back door, there were still a number of boards left. And of them I had seven screens made, or perhaps I might better call them movable partitions. Each one was six feet high, four feet wide, one foot deep. It was all dressed smooth. One board on top, another—my six inches wide—at bottom, put on baseboard fashion. At intervals of from six to eighteen inches as I wanted them, double cleats were put in and shelves slipped in. Three of these screens were hinged together and set around my cook stove, making an eight foot wall on one side, coming out almost even with that wonderful bay window, and the third, hanging on castors, gave me more room in my little kitchen. Three more of my screens were placed around the bed, and, with the aid of curtains for doorways, gave privacy and comfort that was simply invaluable during an illness that occurred. One of these compartments had sheives at the top and bottom only. Blunt screw-hooks underneath the top one furnished a place to hang dresses, etc. We had been fortunate in securing a number of rolls of tinted building paper ordered by somebody and left on a dealer's hands in town. We covered our walls and the screens with that, finishing with a handsome border of striped wall paper, which we selected "on purpose," and cut ourselves. Now, I'll leave it to yourselves to imagine how much comfort, convenience and help these were to me. I do wish none might lack them who need them. But what did I do with that odd bed? I set it the foot of a broad low lounge in the spare corner, using the shelves for books, work, etc. Hung a curtain in front to match the color of the lounge, and plump, square pillows. A home-made rug in front, an easy chair near, it made a cosy nook, and a spare bed on occasion. A light screen, with three panels, covered with the same work, shut out draughts from doors, and we had a deal of fun in the expansion and contraction of our "rooms" as need arose.

I wondered then, and do now, why so few people seem to appreciate the blessed old hop vine when seeking something to make shade. For beauty of foliage, quickness of growth and density of shade it has few equals, and what is prettier than the dancing hop bells? Realizing the imperative need of something to soften the blinding glare of sunlight on the prairie when summer time came again, we that fall procured a number of large healthy hoproots, planned where we should need our rustic porches, dug up the ground thoroughly, put in plenty of well rotted manure, then some earth, then the roots, covering with earth, "firming" well. A light layer of straw—put on as winter protection—was removed as spring came, and those vines were six and eight feet high before my flowering vines were through the ground. How do people get along without outdoor "screens" of vines, anyway?—RUTH.

The writer's good words are always welcome.—ED.

ABOUT HOUSE-CLEANING.—I wonder if all the sisters are through with the dreadful spring house-cleaning. As that is certainly the worst time in house-keeping, I think if we exchanged ideas on that subject it would help us wonderfully. Any way I'll venture to give my way.

In the first place I do not believe in trying to do it all at once and having the whole house upset and in such a muss all over that it would be impossible to find a place to sit down. I say take one room at a time, even if it takes a week or more, it is better than being made sick and cross from over-work.

I clean the bed-rooms first. Take up the carpets, wash the windows and woodwork, then, if necessary, use the bed-bug poison before putting in the carpet or anything. But here let me tell you a brilliant "cleaning" bedbugs. The best cure I have ever found is corrosive sublimate and alcohol. The corrosive sublimate must be so strong that it will not dissolve. Put it in with a stiff feather. It must be put into all the cracks in the wall and around the windows and door, all over the bedstead and every place where one could seus under the clothes, and put some on the chicks to kill the lice, but the remedy was worse than the lice. They went blind and I buried 60 in two days. Don't think I will use it again. Another lady said "her chicks would cough and fall over dead." I lost several half grown chicks in the same way last summer, and on investigation found it to be a fungus growth at the top of the windpipe, caused from sudden cold. When I saw them cough I caught them, took my button-hook, opened the chick's mouth, caught hold of the fungus or tough phlegm and pulled it out.—W. A. GASSON.

cream puffs which I will send some time. —BOUNCING BOB.

Corrosive sublimate is a powerful poison and must be used with care.—ED.

INQUIRIES.

Raising pigeons and fattening squabs for the market is getting to be quite a paying business in many localities. Will some person with practical experience in the business please give their ideas of the best methods, for the benefit of the readers of THE BLADE?—MRS. G. W. B.

Can some one tell what will take tea stain from new table linen? Have turned hot water upon it, but it seemed to have no effect. The linen had not been washed before using it.

Will Jennie C. please tell how she extracted the oil from hickory nut kernels, and oblige—A MATRON?

1. Can any one tell me what is the matter with my little turkeys. Their legs and feet are so crooked they can hardly walk. 2. Do little turkeys get the gaps? What is good for gaps in little chickens?

If there are any readers of THE BLADE who do not preserve the papers, would they be so kind as to send "Subscriber," Cotton Valley, La., copies dated August 23, 1888, and January 17, 1889? These copies would be thankfully received.

Will some of the members of the HOUSEHOLD send me some recitation on missionary work?—BERTHA WHITESIDE, Clinton, Mo.

Will some one tell me how to can green peas?—IGNORANCE.

Will some one send me some patterns in cross stitch, worked in gingham?—MISS NORA HAMMOND, Marshal, Mich.

I should like very much to secure a piece of poetry which begins, "The church and the world walked far apart, On the changing shore of time," etc. I have forgotten the author. If any reader of THE BLADE will furnish me a copy I will be very thankful. Any other recitations for a Sunday School will prove acceptable.—MRS. T. G. FISCHER, North Topeka, Kas.

MAY I ask through the columns of THE BLADE HOUSEHOLD if the story "Among the Thorns," by Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, was ever published in book form, and if so, where it can be obtained? Part of it was published as a serial story in the *National Repository*. I think it was about the year 1878, and I know that the magazine was discontinued before the story was finished.—EDITH G.

Will some one send me the poem entitled "The Starless Crown," or any other poem suitable for Children's Day?—MISS MINNIE GOUGH, Powell, Ohio.

Will some member of THE HOUSEHOLD kindly inform a lady how and where she can learn telegraphy, and be insured of a situation after finishing studying? Also, how long it will take to learn and oblige—A LADY READER OF THE BLADE.

MRS. M. E. S. of Carrollton, Mo., would like to correspond with ladies living in Iowa, Illinois and Michigan.—Box 527.

Will the editor or some of the sisters please tell me what to do with our front door? It opens directly into the parlor, and when open, makes the room glaringly light. I have thought of arranging a portiere over the door way, as it is not practical to shade it from the outside. What kind of material would be suitable?—R. B.

Why do you not have an awning put up, which will shade it from the sun? A portiere thick enough to exclude the light would also exclude the air, so that you might just as well keep the door closed. An awning would cost no more than a portiere, and not as much as most materials for the latter, and they are used a great deal for this purpose.—ED.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Tell Lena ground-ivy tea will cure her little brother of hives. Drink as much at a time as he can and just as hot as he can. —KIRK.

Tell those who wish to remove dandruff to take rain water and all the borax it will dissolve and bathe the head in the same. It will also relieve the intense itching by which it is accompanied.

A good way to mend tinware is to get 25 cents worth of tinner's solder and melt it in an old dripping pan, one end of which has two holes or more in it; when melted tip the pan so that the melted metal will run toward the holes. Let it run through upon a long board in a long slim bar. Then cut it up in lengths of six inches. Get five cents worth of muriatic acid, scrape the tin to be mended, if rusty apply with a cork a little of the acid. Now light a lamp or candle and hold the hole to be mended over the flames and rub the solder around the hole the flames will melt enough solder to fill up the hole, which will be done in a moment.—MRS. H. B.

Mrs. D. C. Morris, Morristown, East Tennessee. Had you sent the number of the paper containing the recipe for potpourri, it would have been forwarded to you, but it is impossible to go back to hunt it up. Perhaps some of THE BLADE readers will send it to you. Here, however, is one which we cannot vouch for from knowledge but presume it is good. It is taken from "The Peoples' Cyclopedia of Useful Information:" ½ lb. of common salt, ¼ lb. of saltpeter, ¼ oz. storax, half a dozen cloves; a handful of dried bay leaves; a handful of dried lavender leaves; mix these well together for the basis of potpourri. It will last for years. Add rose leaves gathered dry from time to time. Powdered benzoin, sandal wood chips, cinnamon and orris root may be mixed in.—ED.

Helen: The way to prepare dried herbs is to gather them when in bloom or in bud upon dry sunny days. Hang up in the shade when dry, or place upon papers or trays. (An attic floor is a good place.) When dry pack into pasteboard or tin boxes and place a weight upon the herbs to press them down. It would be well to ask the druggist you expect to sell to, whether he wishes them dried or green. If you expect to sell to families prepare the herbs by picking out all the tough stocks, and run them as fast as you could, legs and wings both going. There was no time to see who she was, and Faust and Duke both jumped after her.

They had a long chase. It would take too much time to tell all about it, but by-and-by they were back in the Patridge barn-yard, and the hen, blinded and desperate with freight, had jumped against the wall of the corn-bin and crawled inside through a hole. In a minute Faust had his head through, too, but his body—that was the dreadful part of it—his body would not go, and when he tried to pull his head out again his head would not come. His eyes grew big with terror, and there, right opposite him, pressed close against the wall, panting with fear, squatted the hen. She never moved. It was like a great ugly dream, and Mr. Patridge, he knew, would see them both when he came, and understand all about it. And Duke? He had run away, as every dog does that meddles into mischief. There was nobody to help him. When Faust at last heard Mr. Patridge he shook all over, and his heart beat so loud he thought one minute it was Stephen's footsteps, and then he thought Stephen's footsteps were the beating of his heart. And then somehow or other he never thought anything till he found himself lying with a bandaged head on a shady part of the porch. He felt very sick and sore, but he was wondering about Stephen. He heard the family at dinner. Mrs. Patridge was making a great noise with her knife and fork, as if agitated.

"Stephen," she said, "thee might as well tell me about the dog; I never put over-much faith in him." But Stephen only said, "Faust's a good dog wife, a good dog," which made Faust's tail wag till it sounded on the hard wooden floor, and he began to love Stephen all the more, and to wish, as he lay there, that hundreds of chickens would come and just crawl and climb all over him, so that he could show Stephen he never would touch them again. But then that might have been the fever, or a good resolution that did not know how else to come. Nobody can really tell about these things. It was two days and two days after, when Mr. Patridge opened the gate, Faust went right up to Mrs. Yellow-Jacket's coop and sat down, as though he were saying, "Don't you see you can trust me?"

Mrs. Yellow-Jacket did not like this; but then she never liked anything. When her chickens went away she puffed out her feathers and darted about, and poked her head out of the slats. She said they did not love her. But when they came back she could not sit still, she was so tired and so nervous, and when the cock crowed she started violently, for that she said sent a shiver up her spine, and made her think how tiresome a hen's life was. When Faust came he looked so big and quiet they began to walk all over him, and one got on his paw, and when they were tired the soft warm fur on his breast felt so nice they all nestled there instead of going back to their mother. They used to do this every day that summer. Faust felt like a new dog, and could not tell why. Mrs. Yellow-Jacket had fed long since. She had shivered so often at the crowing of the cock that Mr. Patridge had thought she was ill, and opened the door of her coop. She had shaken out her feathers, and stretched her legs out behind her till they seemed very long. She had run her bill through the feathers on her breast, taken one drink of water and walked away. But she had never looked at her chickens. Faust, for the last time in his life, when he saw her, wanted to chase a hen that was so cruel, and he half jumped, but she only held her head very high, as much as to say, "You have robbed me of my family; now see how you like them yourself."

That night when the young chickens were trying to roost in the trees, and the little turkeys had settled themselves with faint high whistles on the wood-shed roof, Faust saw Mrs. Yellow-Jacket take her place on the highest roost. Then he knew that it was all over. But what to do with his chickens at night he could not tell. He wandered about with them for a few minutes, all of them piping after him, and then he walked straight to his own kennel and stepped inside. He was so proud of himself for thinking of it, for with many feeble flappings of wings all of Mrs. Yellow-Jacket's family came inside. He lay down on his side, and determined never to move the whole night through. "They sha'n't miss their mother," he was saying to himself.

After this he found plenty to do, fort wo of the chickens were always finding the same worm, and one pulling it one way and the other the other, and two were always fighting, and one was always getting lost and he had to go out and find him. But when they were bigger, and able to look after themselves, Faust used to put his head down on his paws in his doorway and wonder how it had happened that he had become the mother of those chickens. When Stephen came and looked at him with a smile he thought Stephen might understand, and he used to jump up and put his paws on Stephen's shoulders, and look in his eyes as though he were trying to speak. But when Stephen would give his hands out of his pockets and stroke back the long soft ear's from Faust's head, and looking in his eyes say, "Good old fellow, good dog!" Faust seemed suddenly to understand all about it, and just why he took care of those little creatures.

The whole family came to see Faust. Little red-haired Nettie Nichols, when the sun was warm, would come and sit on the stump near by singing to her doll. She liked to be near him, though she never spoke. Mrs. Patridge came all summer, and looked at him over the fence. She never felt sure, she used to say to Stephen; but toward winter even this excellent woman began to change her mind. "Thee was right, Stephen; there was much in that dog the careless world not allow for. —*Harper's Young Folks.*

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

TOLEDO, O.	MADISON CO., N. Y.
Willie W. Marsh,	Dwight Holmes,
PINCKNEYVILLE, ILL.	Lettie Holmes,
May Strait,	Hazel B. Mack,
Anna Strait,	Warren Mourse,
Gertie Strait,	Anson Mourse,
Charlie Strait,	Rush M. Mourse,
H. H. Strait.	Eva A. Wilcox.
MACK'S BOTTOM, W.VA.	Mary J. Wilcox,
Sarah Studson,	George Perry,
Albert Thomas,	May Conklin,
S. J. Wallace,	Eddie Conklin,
N. O. Wallace,	Ella Martin,
E. M. Wallace,	Mabel Martin.
M. E. North,	FLAGLER, COL.
James North,	Nina Miller,
W. A. North,	May Miller,
Clara Watterson,	Carrie Miller,
Lizzie Watterson,	Byron Miller,
Julia Rarten,	Belle Miller,
Johnnie Hudson,	Leslie Miller,
S. V. Hughes,	Gertie Lynde,
Harvey Booth,	Marion Lynde,
R. S. Young,	Walter Lynde,
Athmicha Young,	Charlie Lynde,
William Wray,	Mattie Lynde,
Ella Hughes,	Ellen Lynde,
Jennie Sharp,	Orpha Smallwood,
Lizzie Sharp,	Lula Smallwood,
Nannie Browder.	Grace Smallwood,
MADISON CO., N. Y.	Lillie Smallwood,
George Richardson,	Belle Norton,
Carlton Colman,	Willie Norton,
Kendrick E. Mead,	Frank West,
Lina Mead,	Frank Swayzee,
Jennie Holmes,	Willie Hicks,
Lena Holmes,	Willie Crone,
Minnie Holmes,	Bartholomew Alan,
Ella Holmes,	J. Gov. Meade.

Names this week, 72. Total 26,922.

The above embraces all names received up to June 7.

For the Young Folks.

A QUARREL, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

MRS. L. M'DONALD SMITH.

A robin in an apple tree
Sat singing loud, cheeree, cheeree;
A blue bird on a budding spray
Was twittering his roundelay,
While near them, on a blossoming vine,
A chattering wren was keeping time;
Below, mong grass and daisies sweet,
A worm and brown slug chanced to meet.
"Good day, Miss Slug," said Mr. Worm,
"Pray tell me how you like my squirm."
"'Tis perfect grace," replied the slug,
"And you are quite a handsome bug."
Replied Sir Worm with extra squirm,
The sharp-eyed robin, peering down,
Cried out "I see a slug so brown,
And near it in the waving grass
I see a fat worm slowly pass;
My breakfast now I think I'll eat,
And finish up on cherries sweet.
Then boldly spoke the bird in blue,
"The worm for me, the slug for you."
"Not so," the angry robin cried,
"I'm sure both worm and slug I spied;
By every precedent, you see,
Both worm and slug belong to me."
Miss Wren sat 'mong the vine leaves mute
Listening to the angry birds' dispute.
"I'll eat the slug and worm, quoth she,
"While they are quarreling in the tree."
No sooner said than down she dropped
Like a brown leaf, and softly hopped
To where they lay, wise little bird,
And gobbled them without a word,
Then swiftly flew to lilac spray,
And sang a most exquisite lay.
Bluebird and robin ceased to fight,
Seeing their breakfast vanished quite,
They looked askance at lady wren
Glared at each other hard, and then
Flew separate ways without a word,
Sadder, and hope we, wiser birds.

MORAL.

Now, boys and girls, I think you see
The moral's plain. It seems to me
That fighting doesn't pay;
For while like dogs you snarl and fight,
Some other peaceful, lucky wight
Will bear the prize away.

THE MOTHER OF THOSE CHICKENS.

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH.

IT was a very hot morning, and so still. Not even a cock-crow. The Patridges had all gone to church. They had shut and clicked the gate, and driven away in their one-horse wagon. Faust had kept his head through the bars and watched them till they disappeared down the road-side. Then he turned slowly away. It was always the same thing every Sunday. They always left him, and he had nothing to do but first to sit on the porch, and then go to the gate and look up and down the road, and then to walk around the house and come and sit on the steps again. Once upon a time he and Stephen used to hunt all day long through the woods, but even that was over, and there was nothing but ploughing now on the farm. When Faust thought of this he felt so restless he turned around and lay down on the other end of the step.

Just then over the fence, with a wag of the tail and a whisk of the ear, Duke, the Ardens' dog, came bounding. He ran up to Faust, who had jumped on the path, and sniffed noses with him, and they both went dashing down the road. What fun it was!—the green grass under their feet and the green trees over their heads, and not a thought of anything. And how they sent the grey squirrels skipping, and how the neighbors' cats got out of the way, and the birds darted about in the bushes! It made Faust so excited he forgot the calves and the cats and the chickens he was to look after at home. And if he did remember for a moment he forgot again, for in the darkest part of the woods what should happen but from under a pile of loose brush an old hen sprang, cackling and shrieking, and running as fast as she could, legs and wings both going. There was no time to see who she was, and Faust and Duke both jumped after her.

They had a long chase. It would take too much time to tell all about it, but by-and-by they were back in the Patridge barn-yard, and the hen, blinded and desperate with freight, had jumped against the wall of the corn-bin and crawled inside through a hole. In a minute Faust had his head through, too, but his body—that was the dreadful part of it—his body would not go, and when he tried to pull his head out again his head would not come. His eyes grew big with terror, and there, right opposite him, pressed close against the wall, panting with fear, squatted the hen. She never moved. It was like a great ugly dream, and Mr. Patridge, he knew, would see them both when he came, and understand all about it. And Duke? He had run away, as every dog does that meddles into mischief. There was nobody to help him. When Faust at last heard Mr. Patridge he shook all over, and his heart beat so loud he thought one minute it was Stephen's footsteps, and then he thought Stephen's footsteps were the beating of his heart. And then somehow or other he never thought anything till he found himself lying with a bandaged head on a shady part of the porch. He felt very sick and sore, but he was wondering about Stephen. He heard the family at dinner. Mrs. Patridge was making a great noise with her knife and fork, as if agitated.

"Stephen," she said, "thee might as well tell me about the dog; I never put over-much faith in him." But Stephen only said, "Faust's a good dog wife, a good dog," which made Faust's tail wag till it sounded on the hard wooden floor, and he began to love Stephen all the more, and to wish, as he lay there, that hundreds of chickens would come and just crawl and climb all over him, so that he could show Stephen he never would touch them again. But then that might have been the fever, or a good resolution that did not know how else to come. Nobody can really tell about these things. It was two days and two days after, when Mr. Patridge opened the gate, Faust went right up to Mrs. Yellow-Jacket's coop and sat down, as though he were saying, "Don't you see you can trust me?"

Mrs. Yellow-Jacket did not like this; but then she never liked anything. When her chickens went away she puffed out her feathers and darted about, and poked her head out of the slats. She said they did not love her. But when they came back she could not sit still, she was so tired and so nervous, and when the cock crowed she started violently, for that she said sent a shiver up her spine, and made her think how tiresome a hen's life was. When Faust came he looked so big and quiet they began to walk all over him, and one got on his paw, and when they were tired the soft warm fur on his breast felt so nice they all nestled there instead of going back to their mother. They used to do this every day that summer. Faust felt like a new dog, and could not tell why. Mrs. Yellow-Jacket had fed long since. She

Talmage's Sermon.

DR. TALMAGE ON THE BOY JESUS.

He Describes Christ as a Village Lad and Holds That the Lord's Character Then Was the Same as When He Was a Man.

BROOKLYN, June 9.—The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon was "Christ, the Village Lad." He took for his text Luke ii. 40: "And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon him." The preacher said:

About Christ as a village lad I speak. There is for the most part a silence more than eighteen centuries long about Christ between infancy and manhood. What kind of a boy was he? Was he a genuine boy at all, or did there settle upon him from the start all the intensities of martyrdom? We have on this subject only a little guessing, a few surmises, here and there an unimportant "perhaps." Concerning what bounded that boyhood on both sides we have whole libraries of books and whole galleries of canvas and sculpture. Before the infant Christ in Mary's arms, or taking his first sleep in the rough outhouse, all the painters bow, and we have Paul Veronese's "Holy Family," and Perugino's "Nativity," and Angelico da Fiesole's "Infant Christ," and Rubens' "Adoration of the Magi," and Tintoret's "Adoration of the Magi," and Correggio's "Adoration of the Magi," and Raphael's "Madonna," and Orcagna's "Madonna," and Murillo's "Madonna" and Madonnas by all the schools of painting in all lights and shades and with all styles of attractive features and impressive surroundings; but pen and pencil and chisel have, with few exceptions, passed by Christ, the village lad. Yet by three or four passages we think we can come to as accurate an idea of what Christ was as a boy as we can of what Christ was as a man.

First, we have the brief Bible account. Then we have the prolonged account of what Christ was at 30 years of age. Now you have only to modify that account somewhat and you find what he was at 10 years of age. Temperaments never change. A sanguine temperament never becomes a phlegmatic temperament. A nervous temperament never becomes a lymphatic temperament. Religion changes one's affections and ambitions, but it is the same old temperament acting in a different direction. As Christ had no religious change, he was as a lad what he was as a man, only on not so large a scale. When all tradition and the Apocrypha and all history represent him as a blonde with golden hair, I know he was in boyhood a blonde.

Uninspired Stories.

We have, beside, an uninspired book that was for the first three or four centuries after Christ's appearance received by many as inspired and which gives prolonged account of Christ's boyhood. Some of it may be true, most of it may be true, none of it may be true. It may be partly built on facts, or the passage of the ages some real facts may have been distorted. But because a book is not devinely inspired we are not therefore to conclude that there are not true things in it. Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico" was not inspired, but we believe it although it may contain mistakes. Macaulay's "History of England" was not inspired, but we believe it although it may have been marred with many errors. The so called apocryphal Gospel in which the boyhood of Christ is dwelt upon I do not believe to be divinely inspired, and yet it may present facts worthy of consideration. Because it represents the boy Christ as performing miracles, some have overthrown that whole apocryphal book. But what right have you to say that Christ did not perform miracles at ten years of age as well as at thirty? He was to perform as certainly divine as in manhood. Then while a lad he must have had the power to work miracles, whether he did or did not work them. When, having reached manhood, Christ turned water into wine, that was said to be the beginning of miracles. But that may mean that it was the beginning of that series of manhood miracles. In a word, I think that the New Testament is only a small part of what Jesus did and said. Indeed, the Bible declares positively that if all Christ did and said were written the world would not contain the books. So we are at liberty to believe or reject those parts of the apocryphal Gospel which says that when the boy Christ, with his mother, passed a band of thieves he told his mother that two of them, Dumachus and Titus by name, would be the two thieves who afterward would expire on crosses beside Him. Was that more wonderful than some of Christ's manhood prophecies? Or the uninspired story that the boy Christ made a fountain spring from the roots of a sycamore tree, so that his mother washed his coat in the stream—was that more unbelieving than the miracle that changed water into a marriage beverage? Or the uninspired story that two sick children were recovered by bathing in the water where the boy Christ had washed. Was that more wonderful than the manhood miracle by which the woman twelve years a complete invalid should have been made straight by touching the hem of his garment? Or the inspired story that when a mother brought a dead child by the name of Bartholomew to Mary, the mother of Christ, she said: "Do thou place thy son in my son's bed and cover him with his clothes;" and, so done, the dead child opened his eyes and called with a loud voice for bread. Is that more wonderful than the manhood miracles by which Christ fed a multitude by the dead and again without going where they were or even seeing them? Why should we disbelieve the apocryphal New Testament when it says that a boy struck the boy Jesus till he cried out, or the story that Christ with other boys made clay figures of birds and these clay figures took life and flew away? Is that more unbelievable than the Bible account that Adam was made out of clay and walked forth a man and afterward soared an immortal. Not half so much of an undertaking to make a bird out of clay as to make a man out of clay. Or the uninspired story that the boy Christ took the cloths of a dyer's shop and threw them into the fire, and after the dyer's protests and ejaculation brought forth the cloths in the color the dyer wished? Is that more unbelievable than the manhood miracle in the wilderness picnic where five biscuits the size of your fist were turned into enough bread to feed five thousand, and the fragments filled twelve baskets? Or the uninspired story that Joseph the father, as a carpenter, having orders to make a throne for the king at Jerusalem, and toiling two years on it, found that it was either 18 inches or two span too short, and the boy took hold one side of the throne and his father the other side of it, and pulled it to the right size? Is that any more wonderful than that after growing to manhood he folded up, as easily as you would a fan, a Galilean hurricane? Or the uninspired story that his comrades in their play brought flowers and crowned him as a king? I should think they would have done so. Or the uninspired story that a boy, hunting for eggs in a partridge nest, was stung of a viper, and the poisoned lad was brought on a couch to the boy Christ, and Christ asked to be taken with the afflicted child to where the child was bitten, and at Christ's command the serpent, with its own mouth, drew forth the poison from the wound? Why, Christ has been doing that through all the ages, namely, compelling the very things that wound us, under his sanctifying power to bring us to health and reinvigoration and eternal life. Or the uninspired story that children were playing on the housetop and the boy Christ was there and one of the children was shoved from the roof and fell to the ground and died and the other children charged Christ with the misdemeanor and the boy Christ said: "Charge not me with the crime, but let us leave it to the dead child to settle the controversy," and the boy Christ said: "Zeinumus! Zeinumus! who threw thee down from the housetop?" Then the dead child spake and said: "Not I, but such a one did." Was that more wonderful than Paul's resuscitation of Eutychus, who fell from the window while the apostle was preaching? Or the uninspired story in the apocryphal New Testament, which says that Christ the boy was taken to school, and Zaccheus, the teacher, told him the first three letters of the alphabet, whereupon Christ the boy asked his teacher such profound questions concerning the alphabet that the teacher was confounded, and the boy Christ himself explained all to the teacher, until Zaccheus said to Joseph, the father of the wondrous boy: "Thou hast brought a boy to me to be taught who is more learned than any master." Then the boy was taken to a more learned master, who, angered at the boy's questions, lifted his hand to whip him, and the hand withered, as will all the hands lifted against Christ. Is that more wonderful than the scene positively recorded by Matthew where the D. D.'s and and LL. D.'s stood around Christ at 12 years of age in the temple, utterly confounded at his precociousness? Or that story that Christ the boy, questioned by astronomers, told them the number of the worlds, their size, their circuits; and questioned by physicians told them more about anatomy and physiology than they ever dreamed of, the number of veins, arteries, nerves and bones. If Christ were divine was he not able at ten or twelve years to describe the human system as well as though he had been fifty years standing at an operating table or in a dissecting room?

A Boy's Christ.

In other words, while I do not believe that any of the so-called apocryphal New Testament is inspired, I believe much of it is true; just as I believe a thousand books none of which are divinely inspired. Much of it was just like Christ. Just as certain as the man Christ was the most of the time getting men out of trouble, I think the boy Christ was the most of the time getting boys out of trouble. I have declared to you this day a boys' Christ. And the world wants such a one. He did not sit around moping over what was to be or what was. From the way in which natural objects unwreathed themselves into his sermons after he had become a man I conclude there was not a rock or a hill or a cavern or a tree for miles around that he was not familiar with in childhood. He had cautiously felt his way down into the caves and had with light and agile limb gained a poise on many a high tree top. His boyhood was passed around grand scenery as most all the great natures have passed early life among the mountains. They may live now on the flats, but they passed the receptive days of ladhood among the hills. Among the mountains of New Hampshire or the mountains of Virginia or the mountains of Kentucky or the mountains of Switzerland or Italy or Ausctria or Scotland or mountains as high and rugged as they, many of the world's thrilling biographies began. Our Lord's boyhood was passed in a neighborhood twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea and surrounded by mountains five or six hundred feet still higher. Before it could shine on the village where this boy slept the sun had to climb far enough up to look over hills that held their heads far aloft. From yonder height his eye at one sweep took in the mighty scoop of the valleys and with another sweep took in the Mediterranean sea, and you hear the grandeur of the cliffs and the surge of the great waters in his matchless sermonology. One day I see that divine boy, the wind flurrying his hair over his sun browned forehead, standing on a hill top looking off upon Lake Tiberias, on which at one time according to profane history are not four hundred but four thousand ships. Authors have taken pains to say that Christ was not affected by these surroundings, and that he from within lived ward and independent of circumstances. So far from that being true he was the most sensitive being that ever walked the earth, and if a pale invalid's weak finger could not touch his robe without strength going out from him, these mountains and seas could not have touched his eye without irradiating his entire nature with their magnificence. I warrant that he had mounted and explored all the fifteen hills around Nazareth, among them Hermon with its crystal coronet of perpetual snow, and Carmel and Tabor and Gilboa, and they all had their sublime echo in after time from the Olivette pulpit.

Palestine Was Lovely Then.

And then it was not uncultivated grandeur. These hills carried in their arms or on their backs gardens, groves, orchards, terraces, vineyards, cactus, sycamores. These outbranching foliages did not have to wait for the winds to disturb their silence was broken, for through them and over them and in circles round them and under them were pelicans, were thrushes, were sparrows, were nightingales, were larks, were quails, were blackbirds, were partridges, were bulbuls. Yonder the white flocks of sheep mowed down over the pasture lands. And yonder the brook rehearses to the pebbles its wanderings down the rocky shelving. Yonder are the Oriental homes, the housewife with pitcher on the shoulder entering the door, and down the lawn in front children reveling among the flaming flora. And all this spring and song and grass and sunshine and shadow woven into the most exquisite nature that ever breathed or wept or sung or suffered. Through studying the sky between the hills he noticed the weather signs, and that a crimson sky at night meant dry weather the next day, and that a crimson sky in the morning meant wet weather before night. And how beautifully he made use of it in after years as he drove down upon the pestiferous Pharisees and Sadducees, by crying out: "When it is evening ye say it will be fair weather, for the sky is red, and in the morning it will be foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowering: O, ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky, but can ye not discern the signs of the time?" By day, as every boy has done, he watched the barnyard fowl at sight of overswinging hawk, cluck her chickens under wing, and in after years he said: "O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! How often would I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing!" By night he had noticed his mother by the plain candle light which, as ever and anon it was snuffed and the removed wick put down on the candlestick, beamed brightly through all the family sitting room as his mother was mending his garments that had been torn during the day's wanderings among the rocks or bushes, and years afterwards it all came out in the simile of the greatest sermon ever preached: "Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel but in a candlestick and it giveth light to all who are in the house. Let your light so shine." Some time when his mother, in the autumn, took out the clothes that had been put away for the summer, he noticed how the moth miller flew out and the coat dropped apart ruined and useless, and so twenty years after he enjoined: "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven where neither moth nor rust can corrupt. His boyhood spent among birds and flowers they all caroled and bloomed again fifteen years after on one cross: "Behold the fowls of the air." "Consider the lilies." A great storm one day during Christ's boyhood blackened the heavens and angered the rivers. Perhaps standing in the door of the carpenter shop he watched it gathering louder and wilder until two cyclones, one sweeping down from Mount Tabor and the other from Mount Carmel, met in the valley of Esdraelon, and two houses are caught in the fury and crash goes the one and triumphant stands the other, and he noticed that one had shifting sand for a foundation and the other an eternal rock for basis; and twenty years after he built the whole scene into a peroration of flood and whirlwind that seized his audience and lifted them into the heights of sublimity with the two great arms of pathos and terror, which sublime words I render, asking you, as far as possible, to forget that you ever heard them before: "Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man which built a house upon a rock; and the rain descended and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house, and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock. And every one that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man which built his house upon the sand; and the rain descended and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house, and it fell, and great was the fall of it."

He Studied Nature.

Yes; from the naturalness, the simplicity, the freshness of his parables and similes and metaphors in manhood discourses I know that he has been a boy of the fields and had bathed in the streams and heard the birds sing and seen the sun through the flowery hedge and looked out of the embrasures of the fortress and drank from the wells and chased the butterflies which travelers say have always been one of the flitting beauties of that landscape, and talked with the strange people from Damascus and Egypt and Sapphoris and Syria who in caravans or on foot passed through his neighborhood, the dogs barking at their approach at sundown. As afterward he was a perfect man, in the time of which I speak he was a perfect boy with the spring of a boy's foot, the sparkle of a boy's eye, the rebound of a boy's life and just the opposite of those juveniles who sit around morbid and unelastic, old men at ten. I warrant he was able to take his own part, and to take the part of others. In that village of Nazareth I am certain there was what is found in all the neighborhoods of the earth, that terror of children, the bully, who seems born to strike, to punch, to bruise, to overpower the less muscular and robust. The Christ who afterward in no limited terms denounced hypocrite and Pharisee, I warrant, never let such juvenile villain impose upon less virgorous childhood, and yet go unscathed and undefended. At 10 years he was in sympathy with the underlings, as he was at 30 and 33. I want no further inspired or uninspired information to persuade me that he was a splendid boy, a radiant boy, the grandest, holiest, mightiest boy of all the ages. Hence I commend Him as a Boy's Christ. What multitudes between 10 and 15 years have found him out as the one just suited by His own personal experience to help any boy.

Respect the Boys.

Let the world look out how it treads on a boy, for that very moment it treads on Christ. You strke a boy, you strike Christ; you insult a boy, you insult Christ; you cheat a boy, you cheat Christ. It is an awful and infinite mistake to come as far as manhood without a Christ when here is a boy Christ. That was one reason, I suppose, that Jonathan Edwards, afterwards the greatest American logician and preacher of his time, became a Christian at seven years of age; and Robert Hall, who afterwards shook Christendom with his sacred eloquence, became a Christian at twelve years of age; and Isaac Watts, who divided with Charles Wesley the dominion of holy song, became a Christian at nine years of age, and if in any large religious assemblage it were asked that all the men and women who learned to love Christ before they were fifteen years of age would please lift their right hand, there would be enough hands lifted to wave a coronation. What is true in a religious sense is true in a secular sense. Themistocles amazed his school fellows with talents which in after years made the world stare. Isaac Newton, the boy, by driving pegs in the side of a house to mark the decline of the sun, evidenced a disposition to wards the experiments which afterwards showed the nations how the world's swing. Robert Stephenson, the boy with his kite on the commons, experimented with electric currents and prophesied work which should yet make him immortal. "Get out of the way!" said a rough man to a boy, "get out of my way! What are you good for, any how?" The boy answered: "They make men out of such things as we are." Hear it, fathers, mothers! hear it, philanthropists and patriots! hear it, all the young! The appalling and eternal destiny of the most of the inhabitants of this earth is decided before fourteen years of age. Behold the Nazareth Christ, the village Christ, the country Christ, the boy Christ!

But having shown you the divine lad in the fields, I must show you him in the mechanic's shop. Joseph, his father, died very early, immediately after the famous trip to the Temple, and this lad had not only to support himself but support his mother, and what that is some of you know.

There is a royal race of boys on earth now doing the same thing. They wear no crown. They have no purple robe a-droop from their shoulders. The plain chair on which they sit is as much unlike a throne as anything you can imagine. But God knows what they are doing and through what sacrifices they go, and through all eternity God will keep paying them for their filial behavior. They shall get full measure of reward, the measure pressed down, shaken together and running over. They have their example in this boy Christ taking care of his mother. He had been taught at the carpenter's trade by his father. The boy had done the plainer work at the shop, while his father had put on the finishing touches of the work. The boy also cleared away the chips and blocks and shavings. He helped hold the different pieces of work while the father joined them. In our day we have all kinds of mechanics, and the work is divided up among them. But to be a carpenter in Christ's boyhood days meant to make plows, yokes, shovels, wagons, tables, chairs, sofas, houses and almost everything that was made. Fortunate was it that the boy had learned the trade, for when the head of the family dies it is a grand thing to have the child able to take care of himself and help take care of others. Now that Joseph, his father, is dead, and the responsibility of family support comes down on this boy, I hear from morning to night his hammer pounding, his saw vacillating, his ax descending, his gimlets boring and, standing amid the dust and debris of the shop, I find the perspiration gathering on his temples and notice the fatigue of his arms, and the stoops in moments to rest I see him panting, his hand on his side, from the exhaustion. Now he goes forth in the morning loaded with implements of work heavier than any modern kit of tools. Under the tropical sun he swelters. Lifting, pulling, adjusting, cleaving, splitting, all day long. At nightfall he goes home to the plain supper provided by his mother and sits down too tired to talk. Work! work! work! You cannot tell Christ anything now about blistered hands or aching ankles or bruised fingers or stiff joints, or rising in the morning as tired as when you laid down. While yet a boy he knew it all, he felt it all, he suffered it all. The boy carpenter! The boy wagon maker! The boy house builder! O Christ, we have seen thee when full grown, prostrate on the floor of the room; we have seen thee when full grown, thou wert assassinated on Golgotha; but O Christ, let all the weary artisans and mechanics of the earth see thee, while yet undersized and arms not yet muscularized, and with the undeveloped strength of juvenescence, trying to take thy father's place in gaining the livelihood for the family.

Christ with the Doctors.

But, having seen Christ the boy of the fields and the boy in the mechanic's shop, I show you a more marvelous scene, Christ the smooth browed lad among the bearded, white haired, high forehead ecclesiastics of the Temple. Hundreds of thousands of strangers had come to Jerusalem to keep a great religious festival. After the hospitable homes were crowded with visitors the tents were spread all around the city to shelter immense throngs of strangers. It was very easy among the vast throngs coming and going for a child. More than two million people have been known to gather at Jerusalem for that national feast. You must not think of those regions as sparsely settled. The ancient historian Josephus says there were in Galilee two hundred cities, the smallest of them containing fifteen thousand people. No wonder that amid the crowds at the time spoken of Jesus the boy was lost. His parents, knowing that he was mature enough and agile enough to take care of himself, are on their way home without any anxiety, supposing that their boy is coming with some of the groups. But after awhile they suspect he is lost, and with flushed cheek and a terrorized look they rush this way and that, saying: "Have you seen anything of my boy? He is 12 years of age, of fair complexion, and has blue eyes and auburn hair. Have you seen him since we left the city?" Back they go in hot haste in and out the streets, in and out the private houses, and among the surrounding hills. For three days they search and inquire, wondering if he has been trampled under foot of some of the throngs, has ventured on the cliffs and fallen off a precipice. Send through all the streets and lanes of the city, and among all the surrounding hills that most dismal sound: "A lost child! A lost child!" And lo! after three days they discover him in the great temple, seated among the mightiest religionists of all the world. The walls of no other building ever looked down on such a scene. A child twelve years old surrounded by septuagenarains, he asking his own questions and answering theirs. Let me introduce you to some of these ecclesiastics: This is the great Rabbin Simeon! This is the venerable Hillel! This is the famous Shammai! These are the sons of the distinguished Betirah. What can this twelve year lad teach them or what questions can he ask worthy their cogitation? Ah, the first time in all their lives these religionists have found their match and more than their match. Though so young, he knew all about that famous Temple under whose roof they held that most wonderful discussion of all history. He knew the meaning of every altar, of every sacrifice, of every golden candlestick, of every embroidered curtain, of every crumb of shew bread, of every drop of oil in that sacred edifice. He knew all about God. He knew all about man. He knew all about heaven, for he came from it. He knew all about this world, for he made it. He knew all worlds, for they were only the sparkling morning dewdrops on the lawn in front of his heavenly palace. Put these seven Bible words in as much emphasis: "Both hearing them and asking them questions."

What Questions Did He Ask?

I am not so much interested in the questions they asked him as in the questions he asked them. He asked just such questions to get information from the doctors, for he knew it already, but to humble them by showing them the height and depth and length and breadth of their own ignorance. While the radiant boy thrusts these self-conceited pallosophers with the interrogation point, they put the forefinger of the right hand to the temple, as though to start their thoughts into more vigor, and then they look upward and then they would wrinkle their brows, and then by absolute silence or in positive words confess their incapacity to an wer the interrogatory. With any one of a hundred questions about theology, about philosophy, about astronomy, about time, about eternity, he may have baffled them, disconcerted them, flung them flat. Behold the boy Christ asking questions, and listen when your child asks questions. He has the right to ask them. The more he asks the better. Alas for the stupidity of the child without inquisitiveness! It is Christine to ask questions. Answer them it you can. Do not say: "I can't be bothered now." It is your place to be bothered with questions. If you are not able to answer, surrender and confess your incapacity, as I have no doubt did Rabbin Simeon and Hillel and Shammai and the sons of Bettrah when that splendid boy, sitting or standing there with a garment reaching from neck to ankle, and girdled at the waist, put them to their wit's end. It is no disgrace to say "I don't know." The learned doctors who environed Christ that day in the Temple did not know, or they would not have asked him any questions. The only being in the universe who never needs to say "I do not know" is the Lord Almighty. The fact that they did not know sent Keppler and Cuvier and Columbus and Humboldt and Herschel and Morse and Sir William Hamilton and all the other of the world's mightiest natures into their life-long explorations. Telescope and microscope and stethoscope and electric battery and all the scientific apparatus of all the ages are only questions asked at the door of mystery. Behold this Nazarene lad asking questions, giving everlasting dignity to earnest interrogation

Childish Simplicity Wanted.

But while I see the old theologians standing around the boy Christ I am impressed as never before with the fact that what theology most wants is more of childish simplicity. The world and the church have built up immense systems of theology. Half of them get to tell what God thought, what God planned, what God did five hundred million years before the small star on which we live was created. I have had many a sound sleep under sermons about the decrees of God and the eternal generation of the Son, and discourses showing who Melchisedek wasn't, and I give fair warning that if any minister ever begins a sermon on such a subject in my presence I will put my head down on the pew in front and go into the deepest slumber I can reach. Wicked waste of time, this trying to scale the unscalable and fathom the unfathomable while the nations want the bread of life, and to be told how they can get rid of their sins and their sorrows. Why should you and I perplex ourselves about the decrees of God? Mind your own business and God will take care of his. In the conduct of the universe I think he will somehow manage to get along without us. If you want to love and serve God and be good and useful and get to heaven, I warrant that nothing which occurred eight hundred quintillion of years ago will hinder you a minute. It is not the decrees of God that do us any harm; it is our own decrees of sin and folly. You need not go any further back in history than about eighteen hundred and fifty-six years. You see this is the year 1889. Christ died about 33 years of age. You subtract 33 from the year 1889, and that makes it only 1856 years. That is as far back as you need to go. Something occurred on that day under an eclipsed sun that sets us all forever free, if with our whole hearts and life we accept the tremendous proffer. Do not let the Presbyterian church or the Methodist church or the Lutheran church or the Baptist church or any of the other evangelical churches spend any time in trying to fix up old creeds, all of them imperfect, as everything man does is imperfect. I move a new creed for all the evangelical churches of Christendom, only three articles in the creed, and no need of any more. If I had all the consecrated people of all denominations of the earth on one great plain, and I had a voice loud enough to put it to vote, that creed of three articles would be adopted with a unanimous vote and a thundering aye that would make the earth quake, and the heavens ring with hosanna. This is the creed I propose for all Christendom:

A Universal Creed.

Article First—"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life."

Article Second—"This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, even the chief."

Article Third—"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power, world without end. Amen!"

But you go to tinkering up your old creeds and patching and splicing and interlining and annexing and subtracting and adding and explaining, and you will lose time and make yourself a target for earth and hell to shoot at. Let us have creeds not fashioned out of human ingenuities but out of scripture phraseology, and all the guns of bombardment blazing from all the port holes of infidelity and pantheism will not in a thousand years knock off from the church of God a splinter as big as a cambric needle. What is most needed now is that we gather all our theologies around the boy in the Temple, the elaborations around the simplicities and the profundities around the clarities, the octogenarian of scholastic research around the unwrinkled cheek of twelve year juvenescence. "Except you become as a little child you can in no wise enter the kingdom," and except you become as a little child you cannot understand the Christian religion. The best thing that Rabbin Simeon and Hillel and Shammai and the sons of Betirah ever did was in the temple to bend over that boy, first made ruddy with check by the breath of the Judean hills and on his way to the mechanic's shop, where he was to be the support of his bereaved mother, stopped long enough to grapple with the venerable dialecticians of the Orient, "both hearing them and asking them questions." Some, referring to Christ, have exclaimed Ecce Deus! Behold the God. Others have exclaimed Ecce homo! Behold the man. But to-day, in conclusion of my subject, I cry, Ecce adolescens! Behold the boy.

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Wind Galls.

FARMER'S BOY, Mundorf, Penn.: Wind galls in a horse are not considered an unsoundness. When the tendons of the fetlock get filled they are at times very annoying and the horse becomes lame. Goes on his toe and there is heat and swelling in the back part of the fetlock. This is quite a different thing from the boggy feel of a common wind gall. For the puffy, soft swellings that are on your young horse, bathe parts for a day or so, then apply a little of the following to the puffs each evening, washing off in the morning with warm soapsuds water for five or six days, or until there is a free watery discharge: Red iodine of mercury, one drachm; vaseline, seven drachms. Give the animal a high heeled shoe and two or three weeks' rest.

Cough in Horse That Has Had the Heaves.

C. A. H., Oregon City, Ore.: It is quite uncertain whether your horse can be cured, as no doubt some of the small cells in the lungs have been affected. However, relief may be had. Take of powdered camphor, carbonate of ammonia, each of belladonna, each 1 dr., make into a ball with linseed meal and molasses and give twice a day for four days. Omit for a week and then repeat. After this give nitre, 1 oz.; bicarbonate of soda, 1 oz.; water, 1 pint, once a day for five days. Rub the throat with warm vinegar in which there is stirred a little mustard, once a day in the evening for two or three days.

"Black Leg."

W. P. F., St. Elmo, Illinois: While your letter does not give as clear an idea of the disease with which your calves are dying, from what you have said it would seem to be an exceedingly malignant thing. It is called by the French Charbon, and by the English "black quarter," "black leg," "black tongue," according to the part attacked, and on account of the dark purple, or nearly black color, from the decomposition of the blood. It is said to arise from contagion, from spotted or tainted food, from a pasturing in low swamps and among stagnant pools, and from hot and damp seasons. It is communicable to man. Most writers believe it to be minute vegetable organisms which are found in the blood in vast quantities. They are very tenacious of life, and the only way to get rid of the trouble in a herd is take the animal away to a distance and bury it so deeply that the ground near the place it lies may never be disturbed. Prof. Williams believes the most promising treatment is to give a full grown animal chlorate of potash, ½ oz., water, 1 pint. Mix and give three times a day. Animals not full grown should be given in accordance with their age. Mr. H. Kemp, of Sonayler, Nebraska, says, in writing to the United States government, that the disease appeared among his cattle almost every spring, and he gave the following, which he never knew to fail: One pound each of saltpetre and common salt, ground and well mixed. One-half teacupful, dry, is given at a dose. After this give severe exercise for 20 minutes. This is a very simple remedy, but we have never seen it tried. One dose in the beginning of the disease, is, he says, nearly always sufficient.

Splint.

S. T., Oakland Mills, Iowa: The small lump on your mare's leg, judging from your letter, is splint. If it is of recent date it may be treated by stimulation, and it has been there for a length of time a veterinarian should be called, who will insert a long sharp blade and sever the periosteum over the lump. If it is an inch or more below the knee there will be no permanent detriment. Above that, it may cause permanent lameness. As the one on your mare in three inches below and on the inside, it is not likely to bother her much. If it is of recent origin bathe the part with vinegar and salt until the inflammation, if any, is out. Then take of biniodide of mercury, 1 drachm; lard, 1 oz. Mix and rub a little on the spot every night for a week, washing it off in the morning with warm soapsuds water. Do not spread it around over the leg. A very little is all that is necessary. The part will grow less, but there will always be a small lump. Splints down well on the leg are not considered an unsoundness. A great many horses have them. Feed no corn for two or three weeks.

Inflammation of Stomach.

O. J. S., Placer county, California: Your horses, we think, in the absence of information as to that which you fed them, died of impaction and inflammation of the stomach. Have you fed them millet to any extent, or have you given them mouldy hay, or any food hard of digestion? Overfeeding of grass or coarse hay will cause inflammation of the stomach and swelling in a horse. You certainly did all that could be done to relieve a case of colic. If there was impaction, the horse, in addition to that which you did, should have been backraked. This, by removing the hard pieces, might have relieved him at once. We think you can trace the trouble to the kind of food you gave him. Is their any loco-weed in your vicinity? There may be some poisonous weed in your vicinity to cause inflammation of the stomach.

Enteritis.

A. W., Ness county, Kansas:—Evidently, your colts and horses died of enteritis, resultant upon eating too much ripe millet seed, wormy corn that had a certain amount of sourness in it, and corn fodder that was mould-tainted. Enteritis is caused by washing an animal while heated, with cold water, excessive purging, irritating substances in the bowels, or blows or injury to the abdomen. It follows colic at times, and is frequently mistaken for colic. The treatment is to give 2 drachm doses to a full-grown horse, and less in proportion to animals of younger age, every two hours, until the pain ceases. Also, apply hot fomentations to the belly. After the pain is relieved, if the bowels are found, injections of warm water should be used to clear them out. Dr. Tellor recommends tincture of aconite, 20 drops; laudanum, ½ oz. Give in lime water every hour or two, to the extent of three or four doses. Do not give large quantities of water until the animal is well. Give small quantities, and frequeutly.

May Be Corns or Rheumatism.

F. A. L., Grass Range, Fergus county, (no state): Your horse is troubled with corns or rheumatism. Have your smith go carefully over the forefeet, in the triangular space between the bars and the wall, at the heel. They are nearly always found on the inside heel. If found, write and we shall tell you what to do. If it be rheumatism, mix the following and give at one dose night and morning for about three days: Nitrate of potash, ½ oz.; powdered calchicum, 1 drachm; oil of turpentine, ½ oz. Blanket the animal with light blankets, and keep him in a stall where the air will not strike him directly. Give freely of bran mashes for a few days. We shall be pleased to hear from you again, describing symptoms, etc. Feel of his feet and see if they are hot.

Cannot Say Positively.

J. R. C., Bosworth, Missouri: Were it not for the fact that your mare stands the way she does, and that there is no heat in her hooves, we should say that she is suffering from founder. As her feet seem tender, the trouble may be from corns. See answer to F. A. L., Grass Range, in this week's BLADE FARM.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Assessors' Reports—Another Interesting Letter From Mr. Stine.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—"I. M. L." of Trascott, Kan., in THE BLADE FARM of May 23, files the following interogatory, and which he wishes to have discussed in the FARM: "My wish is that we, as farmers, persist in telling the assessor the amount of corn, wheat, oats, etc.?" (We add:) "And the amount of old grain still on hand March 1 we intend to put out. Do you not think it is injurious to us as farmers?" Rather vague, is it not, when he assigns no other reason why he does consider it injurious? Eight years ago the writer asked the farmers of this county the same question, at the same time pointing out, pointing out, how and where it militated against the best interests of the farmer, for the same of which he was called a "crank," which fact in nowise changed my views, but the years that have passed over simply confirmed what I then supposed might be the cause of the farmer wronging his most vital interests. I will embody my views similar to which I then expressed, in the article published, and which I shall with much pleasure to myself, and I hope to the readers of THE BLADE FARM also give, escapes in having the much abused title of "crank" applied to him, he may consider himself lucky, especially if he is at all what is commonly called "thin skinned," and sorry that he provoke the wrath of Bergis, many of whom there be many, and potent. But to proceed with the discussion of the subject: I am convinced that where we render to the assessor the amount of old grain on hand we furnish speculators and the manipulators of corners in grain with the key to the shackles which chain us to his car of progress in his career of speculation. That additional item in farm statistics no doubt originated in the fertile brain of some speculator, and our legislative Solons made it one of the legal duties of the assessors, so that the whole business of the farm might be open to the scrutiny of the speculator. Giving the average alone, would leave too wide a gap in the corner, for the farmers the quantity of grain on hand was not so definitely known as it is now, helped to break such a corner, by rushing unexpected quantities of it into market, because they had to go it blind. They can very easily find out the amount of grain in store in elevators and afloat, and by taking the average yield for say five years, with the monthly reports of the condition of the then growing crop, strike the basis of an average, and, presto! the chain is complete; but keep from them the knowledge of the number of acres put in, and the amount of grain on the 1st of March still on hand, by the farmer, and you take from them the power to do evil, which they now possess, and to take that power from them requires no legislative enactment. While the assessor is legally bound to ask for such information, not so with the farmer. It is optional with him, if he elects to become a captive in the net made by the speculator, and cast by the assessor. Let him forever cease crying out, "down with rings and monopolies," for he voluntarily helps to keep them alive. If through ignorance of the law in the above case, it is high time he be informed thereof. When I tell my fellow farmers that we, as a class, stand alone of all who follow gainful pursuits, who are guilty of the folly or indiscretion of furnishing the speculators scattered throughout the commercial centers of our own country and Europe, with data of statistics, upon which is based the price of our grain, cattle, and hogs, and, to add insult to injury, we are taxed to pay their agent (assessor) to gather them, I state nothing but what is so. Neither the banker, merchant, or tradesman of whatever calling he may follow, is required to turn inside out their business arrangements for the year, by an official appointed by law, so that they may become the legitimate prey of their rivals in trade or finance, under the plea that said statistics are gathered to show the growth in wealth, and so forth, of the state. If such was the original intention of the law, it has grown out of its swaddling clothes, and is now used as one would a two-hand club to brain an enemy, by the speculators to fleece the farmer. I say, therefore, arise, "Issachar," and crouch no longer between your burdens. Though the evil is great, the remedy is in your hand. If you doubt my logic, the test is simple, and will cost you neither money nor sleep. Make a unanimous trial for a number of years, and if you see no benefit, it will have cost you nothing, for as the case now stands, falling between "Scylla" on the one hand, the manipulator of corners in grain, and "Charybdis," the lenders of money on farm mortgages, we fare badly. The former will continue to pay for grain as long as you have in his hands the only clue to make it successful, and the latter, Shylock like, will demand his pound of flesh in spite of the law's delays. In conclusion, I extend the right hand of fellowship, to I. M. L., and congratulate him on striking the key-note on an economic question, that I thought had been buried beyond resurrection, amongst the cobwebs of political and other obsolete issues, but am glad I was mistaken, and at the same time let me thank the editor of THE BLADE FARM for the kindly appreciative words, in which he has recommended to its readers some of my communications. I accept them, (not as coming in the shape of "taffy" of which I used to be very fond of when a boy, back in old Pennsylvania), in the true spirit of candor in which I believe they were tendered, and say that a compliment paid to the intellect and heart of the "genus homo," be he in the prime of manhood or in the decline, whose gilding years have frosted both beard and hair, is like incense to the nostrils grateful and stimulating, and to the readers of my humble contributions in the FARM, if I have interested them, and directed their thoughts into new and before untried channels, I say go thou and do likewise, and do the duty nearest your hand and use your utmost endeavor to make THE BLADE FARM so interesting that no household in all this wide domain will be considered complete without its presence.—WM. STINE, Wilsey, Kansas. [The editor of THE BLADE FARM recognized the ability of Mr. Stine in the questions on which he has written, and it is gratifying to know that an interest has been awakened among farmers that will lead to good results.—ED.]

Breadmakers—Kind of Wheat Taken to the Mill—The Twine Trust.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Have read with much pleasure the several letters concerning the miller, and feel it a pleasure, if not a duty to add one more.

Perhaps J. A. I. did somewhat exaggerate his statements but no more so, I think, than did Mr. Nicodemus. I did not understand J. A. I. to say that the ladies of Ohio and Indiana were poor breadmakers, and while Wisconsin is not a proper wheat-growing state, yet we do have bread here and claim to have as many good breadmakers as any other state; yet some of the best fail occasionally for the very same reasons J. A. I. gives, and no other.

Mr. N.'s point (?) of J. A. I. yet living in the "forties" is so very obscure it needs explanation to aid those of my limited education. He also says, "we pay from $15 to $20 a year for reading material." While this may be true in his own case, from personal investigation I find the average farmer does not pay over $4, and in many cases not to exceed $2 a year, and yet they are not entirely ignorant. Indeed I doubt very much whether our "Farmer Jerry" (now Gen. Rusk), ever paid the amount per year this gentleman claims for reading matter. My experience and observation in milling and farming has been, that if farmers will take good, clean wheat, of good grade and full weight to mill, they will have no cause to complain of poor flour or short weights; but how very unreasonable to expect to get good flour from poor wheat, or full weight from short weight. For not one out of ten farmers generally have a correct set of scales of their own, but depend on measurement altogether; but when they do have they weigh grain, sack and all, calling it all wheat, when they ought to know that flour, even of an inferior quality, could not be made by grinding the sack too, even if attempted, and the miller would again be censured for so doing. If it was weighed as wheat, it certainly ought to be ground as wheat, in order to hold

WASHINGTON NEWS.

THE APPOINTMENTS.

The List of Nominations Made By President Harrison.

The President made the following appointments on June 6:

CHAS. G. WILLIAMS, of Watertown, Dak., to be register of the land office at Watertown.

M. W. HUNT, of Salem, Ore., to be a commissioner in and for the district of Alaska, to reside in Oonalaska, in the place of Robert Sanderson who declined the appointment.

DANA C. LAMB, of Wisconsin, to be a special agent to make allotments of lands in severalty to Indians, etc.

JOHN D. MILES, of Lawrence, Kas., to be a commissioner to negotiate with the Cherokee and other Indians for the cession to the United States of certain lands, as provided by act of Congress approved March 2, 1889, in the place of John H. Baker who declines the appointment.

The President made the following appointments on June 7:

To be collectors of internal revenue—ALBERT R. WHITE, of West Virginia, for the district of West Virginia.

WM. A. ALLEN, of Tennessee, for the second district of Tennessee.

DAVID A. NUNN, of Tennessee, for the fifth district of Tennessee.

JOHN PETERS, of Nebraska, for the district of Nebraska.

The following appointments were made by the President on June 11:

CHARLES H. COLBURN, of Nevada, to be coiner of the mint at Carson City, Nev.

E. D. BRISKIE, of Nevada, to be melter at the same mint.

THOMAS J. MORGAN, of Rhode Island, to be commissioner of Indian affairs, vice John H. Oberly, resigned.

HOYT SHERMAN, jr., of Utah, to be receiver of public moneys at Salt Lake City, Utah, vice George W. Parks, removed.

FRANK O. HOBBS, of New Hampshire, register of the land office at Salt Lake City, Utah, vice David Webb, removed.

EDWARD C. GATTERY, of Pine City, Minn., register of the land office at Taylor's Falls, Minn., vice Lucas K. Skinnard, term expired.

WM. C. WELLS, of Alabama, register of the land office at Huntsville, Ala., vice Frank Coleman, to be removed.

EDWARD L. CHAPMAN, of Great Bend, Kas., receiver of public moneys at Larned, Kas., vice Henry M. Bickel, to be removed.

CHAS. D. FORD, of Colorado, register of the land office at Lamar, Col., vice Frank P. Arbuckle, removed.

Postmasters.

The President appointed the following named postmasters on June 6:

John W. Bliss at Greenleaf, Kansas; Peter A. Becker at Kingman, Kas.; Thomas F. Beadles at Fulton, Ky.; Julius Laux at Platonia, Tex.; Seymour Foster at Lansing, Mich.; Mrs. Mary A. White at East Tawas, Mich.; Jacob J. Hoffman at Tarkio, Mo.; Ellen Marquiss at Webb City, Mo.; John Miller at Keyser, W. Va.; Bernard F. Ludwig at Huntsville, Ala.; Emma Clayton at Pine Bluff, Ark.; Abner T. Hunt at Elsinore, Cal., office became presidential; Frank Bunker at Geneva, Ill.; William A. Hunter at Bellefplaine, Ia.; Henry H. Reed at Brooklyn, Ia.; Allen T. Underwood at Montezuma, Ia.; Patrick E. McMurry at Jacksonville, Fla.

A Happy Editor.

The President on June 8 appointed James H. Stone, of Michigan, to be collector of internal revenue for the first district of Michigan. Mr. Stone is editor of the Detroit *Tribune*. The following postmasters were appointed: Casper A. Gauntt, at Marion, Ind., and Walter B. Godfrey, at New Albany, Ind.

GEN. KELTON.

A Brief Sketch of the New Adjutant General of the Army.

Col. John C. Kelton, who was appointed adjutant general of the United States army, to succeed Gen. Drum, retired, was born in Pennsylvania in 1828. He is a graduate of West Point, where he was an instructor in tactics and small arms firing. During the civil war he served as assistant adjutant-general and served as colonel of the Ninth Missouri regiment. Resigning his volunteer commission in 1862, he was in the advance upon Corinth, and while attached to Gen. Halleck's staff was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel and Brigadier-General for most valuable and arduous services in the field and at headquarters. Since then he has held various staff positions, in 1885 becoming assistant Adjutant-General. He is an inventor of marked ability, many of his improvements in rifles, pistols and other weapons having been adopted by the department, and he is also a writer of high repute upon subjects connected with the military service.

CLOSER TRADE RELATIONS.

The Senate Committee Reports the Progress Made.

The Senate committee on relations with Canada are in St. Paul, Minn., the city and will remain several days. The visiting senators are on their way east, after making a long tour of the west. Senator Hoar, who is chairman of the committee, expressed himself as follows, when asked about their trip: "We have been to San Francisco and all California points.

"From there we went up to Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, and other points, investigating as we went. At every place we held meetings and took testimony that was freely volunteered on commercial relations with Canada.

"Of course, we have nothing to do with any prospects for closer relations, politically speaking, but we are anxious to find out the sentiment of the country on closer commercial relations. When the fisheries treaty was thrown out by the senate it left the question of our relations with Canada in a queer position. Legislation of some sort must be enacted next session on the subject.

"For the purpose of obtaining information that will serve as a guide in framing such legislation we are taking this trip. Every where along the route we have been met with the expressed desire for closer relations. The international railway systems are becoming so complicated that some arrangement is necessary to prevent any clashing of interest between the two countries."

Annapolis Graduates.

The following is a list of the Southern and Western men of the graduating class of the Naval academy, Annapolis, Md., according to the general merit:

One, Richard P. Hobson, Alabama; 2, Geo. H. Heck, Michigan; 3, Arthur B. Hoff, at large; 4, Nathan C. Twining, Wisconsin; 5, Ben F. Hutchison, Missouri; 10, Lewis C. Lucas, Ohio; 15, Geo. W. Danforth, Missouri; 16, Thos. P. Magruder, Mississippi; 17, Lalward R. Rowndes, Michigan; 18, Louis R. De Steiguer, Ohio; 19, George B. Bradshaw, Texas; 21, Louis A. Kaiser, Illinois; 22, Cleland N. Offley, Indiana; 23, Wm. C. Cole, Illinois; 24, George G. Mitchell, Indiana; 25, Ben H. Fuller, Michigan; 28, Robert E. Carney, Wisconsin; 30, Robert McDutton, California; 31, Wm. K. Harrison, Texas; 32, George W. Kirk, Missouri; 33, Julius Prochnzka, Wisconsin; 34, Ernest B. Anderson, Kentucky.

The first three graduated with distinction, eleven with credit, and the remainder graduated simply.

Circulation Decrease.

A statement prepared at the Treasury department shows that there was a net decrease of $16,780,608 in circulation during the month of May last, and a net increase of $1,973,910 in money and bullion in the treasury during the same period. The principal loss in circulation was in gold certificates, United States notes and National bank notes, and the principal gain in treasury holdings was in standard silver dollars, United States notes and gold coin in the the order named. The total circulation on June 1 is stated at $1,397,470,751, and the total money and bullion in the treasury on the same date $664,092,230.

Hart Will Get His Commission.

The President has at last decided that Alphonso Hart, the patient Ohio man, who wants to be solicitor of internal revenue, shall receive his appointment on July 1. The delay was for the purpose of satisfying Senator Quay, who fought so hard for his man Gilkeson, and then got into a snarl with Sherman, over what he charged was duplicity on Sherman's part.

Will Go To Deer Park.

The President will leave Washington the latter part of this month for Deer Park, Md., where a cottage has been prepared for his reception. The length of his visit has not been settled. Mrs. Harrison and her grand children will leave Washington the latter part of this week for Cape May where they will remain until the President is ready to go to Deer Park. The President will make one or more short visits to Cape May during Mrs. Harrison's sojourn there.

The Wool Growers.

The President has received a letter from a committee of the National Wool Growers' association of the United States, dated Columbus, O., May 24, urging the necessity for an extra session of Congress to be convened at the earliest practicable day for the purpose of enacting a law in regard to wool growing and its industries of the country.

GROWING GRAIN.

A Slight Increase in Winter Wheat Seeded —The Spring Wheat.

The June returns of the department of Agriculture show a slight increase in the winter wheat area seeded, but the breadth harvested may be possibly a million acres more than in the last crop, largely from Kansas and California. The seeded and harvested area in Kansas will this year be nearly identical, and the large breadth in California, which is cut for wheat in years of low yield, will in part be harvested for grain this season. The question of area will be tested as thoroughly as possible by a partial local census at various points.

The condition of winter wheat still remains comparatively high, though it has fallen three points during the last month, and averages 93 for the country.

The following state averages are given: New York, 96; Pennsylvania, 95; Maryland, 98; Virginia, 97; Georgia, 95; Texas, 88; Kentucky, 86; Ohio, 88; Michigan, 90; Indiana, 90; Illinois, 92; Missouri, 98; Kansas, 98; California, 98.

The area of spring wheat has apparently increased about 3 per cent. The preliminary estimates show a loss of 3 per cent in Wisconsin and one in Minnesota and a gain of one in Iowa, three in Nebraska and seven in Dakota, with increase in the mountain region. Further investigation may disclose the changes of the year more exactly.

The condition of spring wheat is high, except in parts of Dakota, where it has suffered from drought. Averages are as follows: Wisconsin, 96; Minnesota, 93; Dakota, 88; Nebraska, 99; Iowa, 99. Condition is generally high in the mountain districts. The average is nearly 95 for the entire spring wheat breadth.

THE NEXT HOUSE.

Congressman Burrows Thinks the Organization Will be Attended with Difficulties.

Representative Burrows, in discussing the dangers that beset the Republicans in organizing the House when Congress meets said: "Our majority is very small, and there is undoubtedly great danger of getting checked at the start. We have about three majority.

"The elections in the new states will probably increase this to six or seven. In order to do anything, every man will have to be in his seat. On the most trying occasions it is seldom the history of Congresses that many more than that number have not been absent. In order to have a quorum there will have to be a binding agreement entered into, every man pledging himself to be in his seat at 12 o'clock and not to leave the hall of the House until there is a recess or adjournment. Of course if the sessions had to be cut down to two hours a day more progress would be made than in ten sessions without a quorum.

"But even with this agreement there is the matter of sickness which may keep members away, and cannot be helped. If the Democrats are disposed to fight over the adoption of the new rules and settlement of the contested election cases, and they determine to filibuster there is a block at once. I think there is great danger in it.

"All parliamentary law recognizes the right to make motions to adjourn, to adjourn over to a time certain, and to take a recess. Now, by repeating these motions, the House may be held powerless. Why, I could, as Sam Randall or Tom Reed, and by using these motions, we could prevent the swearing in of members, and hold the House unorganized for the full term of two years. We could dismantle the government.

"How to prevent such a thing is a serious question. It is a question whether it would be better to make a rule restricting the right to make these motions, thus running the risk of embarrassment in the future, or to run the risk of obstruction and take the responsibility. This is a question to be settled. I have my own ideas about it, but it is no easy problem."

SUNDAY MAILS.

An Inquiry Into Their Necessity and Expediency.

Postmaster General Wanamaker has sent the following circular letter to the postmasters of 100 of the largest postoffices throughout the country:

"With the view of ascertaining the relative importance of the receipt and dispatch of mails at postoffices, and the delivery therefrom to the public on Sunday, as compared with the same on the other days of the week, and in order to reduce the work on that day, if it shall be found to be practicable and proper, I will thank you to carefully collect information on the following points as applied to Sundays in the coming month of June, and make report thereon in detail to me, to wit:

"First—The amount of postage stamps, postal cards, newspaper wrappers, etc., sold at your office on each Sunday in June.

Second—The number of callers at your postoffice on each Sunday in June.

"Third—The number of mails dispatched and received on each Sunday in June, and the approximate extent of such mails.

"Fourth—The number of letter-carrier collections, the approximate extent of the mail matter collected, and the hours at which the several collections were made.

"Fifth—The number of employes on duty each Sunday, the hour of service of each.

"I shall also esteem it a favor if you will submit to me with these replies any suggestions which may occur to you after careful thought as to the means and the mode of reducing Sunday work in postoffices."

The correspondence in reply to this letter will be laid before the postmaster general for his consideration. Any action that may be deemed advisable will be announced in a future order. Mr. Wanamaker is not certain that any modification should be made in the preset system.

HE HAD TO GO.

Indian Commissioner Oberly Walked the Plank.

The authoritative announcement that the secretary of the interior has accepted the resignation of Indian Commissioner John H. Oberly, ends a vigorous and extremely artful, but very quiet endeavor by the "Bishop," to hold onto his more or less lucrative office. All that the various Indian defense associations and other friends, or alleged friends, of the red man could do was done to help Oberly stay where Cleveland had put him.

The fight was really a desperate one, and its long continuance was wearing considerably on both the President and Secretary Noble, when they stopped it by asking Oberly to resign.

He did so, and July 1 his Republican successor will be inducted into office.

Oberly's case is the only instance where a Democrat of any prominence has endeavored to remain in a responsible position under the present administration.

Justice Gray Married.

Justice Gray, of the United States supreme court, and Miss Jeanette Matthews, daughter of the late Justice Matthews, were married on the evening of June 4, at the residence of the bride. The Rev. Dr. Leonard, of St. John's, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Hamlin, of the Church of the Covenant, officiated and read the service of the Episcopal church. After the marriage supper was served and late in the evening the bridal couple left for a country place in the neighborhood of Boston, where they will remain until July when they go to Europe.

Cases Piling Up.

The condition of the Appellate docket of the Supreme court of the United States at the close of the term ended last month when compared with its condition at the close of the preceding term, exhibits an increase of 133 cases in the number of cases left undisposed of.

An Honored Flag.

At the request of Secretary Proctor, Brig. Gen. Townsend (retired) has officially identified the large flag now on exhibition in the secretary's office as that which draped the casket of President Lincoln.

Land Decisions.

Acting Land Commissioner Stone has issued an order directing that on more cases be sent to the board of Review for examination prior to being to patent, and that the 17,000 cases now pening before the board, be examined and disposed of as rapidly as possible. This action is taken with a view to abolishing the board.

Ordered to Port Au Prince.

The United States steamship Ossipee now at St. Nicholas Mole, Hayti, has been ordered to proceed to Port Au Prince to observe the state of affairs there and report to the department.

THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD.

AN EPIDEMIC FEARED.

Sickness on the Increase, and Great Trouble Expected.

"It is our impression," said Dr. White, assistant to the state board of Health, on June 7, "that there is going to be great sickness here within the next week. Five cases of malignant diphtheria were located on Bedford street, and as they were in different houses, they mean five starting points for the disease. All this talk about the dangers of an epidemic is not exaggerated, as many suppose, but is founded upon all experience.

"There will be plenty of typhoid fever and kindred diseases here within a week or ten days, in my opinion.

"The only thing that has saved us thus far has been the cold weather.

"That has now given place to summer weather, and no one knows what the next few days will bring forth.

"Even among the workmen and attendants there is already discernible a great tendency to diarrhœa and dysentery. The men are living principally upon salt meat, and there is a lack of vegetables. I have been here since Sunday, and have not tasted fresh meat but once. I am only one of the many. Of course the worst has passed, for the physicians, as our arrangements are now perfected, and each corps will be relieved from time to time."

"Twenty more physicians arrived from Pittsburg, to-day, and many of us will be relieved to-day, but the opinion generally among medical men is, that there will be more need for doctors in a week hence than now."

Dr. R. L. Sibbel, of the state board of health, is in charge of sanitary headquarters.

"We are using every precaution known to science," said he, "to prevent the possibility of epidemic. Our labors here have not been confined to any particular channel but extended in various directions.

"Disinfectants, of course, are first in importance, and they have been used with no sparing hand. The prompt cremation of dead animals, as fast as discovered, is another thing which we have insisted upon. The immediate erection of water closets throughout the ruins for the workmen was another work of the greatest sanitary importance and has been attended to.

They, too, are being disinfected at frequent intervals. We have a committee, too, that superintends the burial of victims.

"It is of the utmost importance in this wholesale interment that the corpses should be interred a safe distance beneath the surface in order that their emanations may not find exit through the crevices of the earth. Another committee is making a house to house inspection throughout the stricken city to ascertain the number of inhabitants in each standing house and the number of sick, and to order the latter to the hospital whenever necessary.

"One great danger is the overcrowding of houses and hovels, and that is being prevented, as much as possible, by the free use of tents upon the mountains.

"So far there is but little contagious disease, and we hope, by diligent and systematic efforts, to prevent any dangerous outbreak."

FIFTEEN THOUSAND.

The Latest Estimate on the Number of Lives Lost.

Conservative people give their opinion that the number of people destroyed will reach 12,000 to 15,000. This view of it is based on many fragments of evidence from over one hundred citizens, being careful to select as intelligent men and women as could be found.

They were chosen from as many occupants as possible and from as many social classes.

They were asked to estimate the percentage of loss to the total population; to tell how many people of their acquaintance have disappeared, how the gatherings of residents on the streets and in public places compare with the same in former times.

Thousands Will Never be Found.

Many of the children have been swept down the river, and their bodies driven in under overhanging banks, under thickets and other places where there is only a sparse population, and where the search is not carried on in a careful and organized manner.

As an illustration of this, just above New Florence, some fragments of clothing were in full view of the path on the river bank.

Hundreds of people passed the place for three days looking for bodies but thought it was only the shreds of some cloth. Finally somebody poked at the rags with a stick and a swirl in the current brought a 2-year-old babe to the surface.

The drift of opinion among intelligent men—physicians, engineers and railroad men—is that from 1,000 to 1,500 of the bodies will never be found.

AID FOR THE SUFFERERS.

Generous America Responding to the Cal for Aid.

Advices received at the Associated Press office, in New York city, show that the fund collecting is general throughout the country in all the large cities.

Cleveland contributed $38,000; Pittsburg, $300,000; Williamsport (half under water), $7,000; Kansas City, $6,000; Philadelphia, $360,000, and smaller amounts from hundreds of cities and organizations in different parts of the country.

The willingness with which poor men deposit their dollars and half dollars for the benefit of the flood sufferers, is one of the evidences that show the kind of people that make up this country.

President Harrison addressed a mass meeting at which a large collection was taken up for the sufferers.

Adams Express gives $5,000, and the use of its lines to aid the sufferers. The Southern Express also will carry succor to the sufferers, free.

Clerks of departments at Washington are giving one day's pay each to the flood fund.

A general order has been issued to all Western Union superintendents and managers to send free all messages relating to measures and contributions for the relief of the Johnstown sufferers.

A representative of the Mutual Life Insurance company of New York, stated on June 4 that that company would lose $420,000 by the deaths in the Conemaugh valley.

The secretary of the South Fork Fishing club said on June 4 that the club had not filed an indemnity bond, as claimed by a citizen of Ebensburg, and that no complaints had ever been made about the safety of the dam by any of the Johnstown citizens. He is undoubtedly correct as to the bond, but is misleading as to the second part of his statements. There is hot a shadow of doubt but that citizens of Cambria county frequently complained, and that at the time the dam was constructed a very vigorous effort was made to put a stop to the work.

Only One Incident.

One of the most nauseating sights to those unaccustomed to scenes of death is the lunching arrangement for the undertakers. These men are working so hard and conscientiously that they have no time for meals, and huge boilers of steaming coffee, loaves of bread, dried beef and preserves are carried into charnel houses, and placed at the disposal of the workers. Along comes one weary toiler, his sleeves rolled up, an apron in front and perspiring profusely, despite the cold, damp weather. He has just finished washing a clammy corpse, he is daubed with water, manipulating it about on the boards, and in the interval, before the body of another poor wretch is brought in, gets a cup of coffee and a sandwich. With dripping hands he eats his lunch with relish, setting his cup occasionally beside the hideous face of a decomposing corpse.

A Poor Woman's Appeal.

A gray haired woman was among the applicants for clothing at the distributing depot at the Pennsylvania railroad station on June 6. An outfit was made up and given her, but after examining the dress, which was cream-colored satteen, she approached the agent in charge and asked if he would exchange it for a black one. "I have lost all my family," she added, by way of apology, as the tears streamed down her wrinkled face, "and would like to have a black dress if I could get one. My husband and four children are in that awful pile by the stone bridge and I am alone now. A black dress was found for her.

The Dam Owners.

The coroner's jury, June 6, proceeded to the South Fork and investigated the cause of breakage of the reservoir dam. Witnesses testified that slight breaks had appeared in the dam several times in past years but had each time been clumsily repaired with straw, sticks and rubbish. The general impression is that the jury will declare that the Pittsburg Fishing club, that owned the reservoir, was guilty of gross negligence. In that event many suits for damages against this millionaire club will doubtless follow.

A New Gorge Formed.

The great quantities of debris which has been loosened from above the stone bridge and floated down stream, have formed a gorge opposite Cambria City, and a number of men went there, Monday, to remove this, as it closed the channel, stopping the flow of water and making difficult the work of clearing the wreckage.

Another consignment of stationary engines arrived Monday, making ten in all now here. These are most useful appliances and do the work of twenty men in removing the heavy debris. They were placed in various sections of the town and did most effective work. One was put in position on the stone bridge and in two hours the work accomplished by it was more effective than the work of one hundred men for the last two days.

Some heavy timbers that have defied the effects of the men to remove, were soon gotten rid of and the channel opened for a considerable distance from the bridge.

The erection of a dynamo by the Westinghouse electric company near the Pennsylvania railroad freight depot is a necessary work, and any one who has trammed around in the dark will appreciate the lighting of the town Monday night. In fact every means of convenience and appliance for speeding the work is being used here, and each day sees more work accomplished than the day before.

The Relief Fund.

Governor Beaver's plan for removing the debris has been adopted. The governor said all the necessary money could be raised; that there were 200 men who would be responsible for $5,000 each; that he would give his bond to the state treasurer for $1,000,000, with those 200 men as bondsmen, and the state treasurer would then pay out the $1,000,000 for the necessary work. When the legislature met the money withdrawn from the treasury would be appropriated. He said that the money already subscribed should be used entirely for the relief of the sufferers and the money from the state treasurer be used for restoring the vicinity to its condition before the flood.

OHIO'S GOVERNOR.

He is Praised on All Sides by the Johnstown Sufferers.

In all the bitterness and anguish and suffering which the survivors of the death torrent are compelled to endure, there is mingled a keen appreciation of all that their sympathizing friends are doing for them, and when men gather in groups during a rest from the work of removing the debris, they take the opportunity of expressing that gratitude.

Ohio's gallant governor comes in for a greater share of praise than any other one person whose name is mentioned. When Gen. Minahan, of Springfield, was told by Mr. Flinn that Governor Beaver would be very glad to have the assistance of Governor Forker's 2,000 men, but could not accept them for the reason that he had no authority to ask for them, intense indignation spread through the camp.

And the feeling was roused to the highest pitch when Governor Foraker wired in reply that he would then send the men on his own account, and that Ohio would stand good for the payment of their wages.

A prominent Pittsburg citizen who is a member of the sanitary committee, said to your correspondent Monday evening that it roused him up to the swearing point to observe the tardiness with which the Keystone state's governor realized the enormity of the situation in comparison with the manner in which the fiery but large-hearted executive of the Buckeye state grasped the importance of it from a distance.

"You Ohio people have a hero," said he, "and Governor Foraker's name will be remembered with gratitude as long as the last Johnstown sufferer survives."

BANKS REOPENED.

The National Has Commenced Business Again.

The First National bank of Johnstown has opened up for business, and the move is appreciated by all. Much trouble has been occasioned by the inability to get money, all having to bring it here in packages. Much suffering has been occasioned by the wearing of gum boots by the people. Every man, woman and child's party were obliged to quit work Monday, owing to their feet being terribly blistered, and many are working in ttheir bare feet.

The general public imagine that little care is taken by the undertakers in keeping a description of the dead. Before each corpse there is placed a wire noose to shroud a card giving the number of the corpse, the name if known, the sex, color and complexion, the color of hair and eyes, the weight and height, and a careful description of the clothing and anything especially striking about the body. A duplicate of each card is kept and the place where the body is buried.

Gen. Hastings's Office.

On Wednesday morning Adjutant-Gen. Hastings assumed control of the valley. He stated that there would be but little change except that the new contracts that will be made by the state for the removal of the debris will be on the basis of $1.50 per day for laborers. He said that there would be no additional militia brought in. The 14th regiment will be continued on duty as long as they can stand it, and as they are not worked as hard as they were, the regiment is likely to be here for two or three weeks yet.

The New York Life Insurance company has sent Special Agent Lang Muir to adjust claims. There were 75 policies held in Johnstown, representing $200,000. Within 24 hours the agent had located them all, and found that fourteen of the holders had been lost. Their policies amount to $45,000, which will be paid at once. One policy, held by Charles A. Kies, a baker doing business in the center of the city, was found two miles down the river by accident.

The Cambria Iron company will be ready to start up in all departments in about two weeks, but those who ought to know say that it will take at least till October before the mills can run full turns.

Its Horrors Increase.

The horror of the situation has not diminished but rather grows. The search for the dead continues and in all sections and directions the dead are being found. Numbers of bodies are now coming to the surface of the waters, and those whose work has made them competent judges, say as many more bodies as have been found are still missing.

Many unexpected places are turning up human remains, and where this will end, no mind can guess.

At 7 o'clock the monotonous work began, and, as the day advanced the sun came out, and the morning hours were hot and muggy.

The fires that had been kindled among the timber near the stone bridge were quenched by the rain, and the valley was filled with steamy and ill-smelling vapors.

An exodus has set in here to-day, which, before the day closes, will have reduced the number here by many hundreds.

INDIAN HORSE THIEVES.

The Canadians Preparing for Another Raid.

A war party of Assinaboine Indians are reported to be on their way from across the border to make a horse raid on the Crows. On June 7 Capt. Caston, of the Eighth Cavalry, with a detachment of twenty men and four Indian scouts, left Fort Keogh for the north side of Yellowstone river to work over toward Ft. Assinabaine to intercept the marauders.

At the last raid of the Assinaboines, about four weeks ago, they ran off with 150 Crow ponies. The Crows pursued them, but after four of them were killed they returned to the reservation. The horses were afterward taken from the Assinabaines by the Canadian police and are now held subject to the orders of the United States authorities.

The Bloody County Seat War Settled in the Courts.

The Supreme court of Kansas, on June 8 decided the famous Gray county case in favor of the town of Ingalls, making that the permanent county seat. The matter came up on an application for a writ of mandamus to compel the county officers to return their offices to Cimarron, whence the records were removed by an armed force in January last. At that time there was a bloody battle, and the militia were sent to Cimarron to preserve the peace.

The decision in favor of Ingalls caused great surprise.

Williams Arrested.

Jack Williams, the supposed leader of the gang of robbers who held up United States Paymaster Wham several weeks ago, was arrested at El Paso, Tex., on June 7. Thirty-five hundred dollars were found on his person.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

A VOTE OF CONFIDENCE.

A Dangerous Question in the Italian Chamber of Deputies.

During a debate in the Italian Chamber of Deputies on a vote of censure proposed by an extremist, on the Italian consul at Trieste, Signor Cavaletto, who was condemned to death under the Austrian regime, spoke in defense of Italy's alliance with Germany and Austria. He said Italy ought to maintain faithfully the treaty with Germany and Austria as the day would come when she would have to fight side by side with Austria to prevent the Adriatic from becoming a slave sea. He concluded by proposing a vote of confidence in the government.

Prime Minister Crispi declared that the peace of the world reposed in the treaty. If questions of nationality arose, Italy would have nothing to give and much to ask.

Confidence in the government was then voted by a large majority.

Welden Extradition Bill.

The Welden extradition act passed by the Canadian Parliament a short time ago, has been transmitted to the imperial authorities for approval or otherwise, the home government having power to veto any Dominion legislation within two years after its passage by the parliament in Canada. In the event of its being intimated by the imperial authorities that the act be left to its operation, it is proposed to declare it in force and effect as regards the United States and Mexico.

To Crush the Rebels.

A dispatch from Morocco says the rebellion in that country of the tribesmen is spreading. They have captured Prince Hamid, the heir to the throne, and killed several members of his escort. This outrage has incensed the Sultan of Morocco, and he is raising an army to crush the rebels.

The Pope Ill.

The Pope is much depressed. It is reported that he refuses to see anybody, and that he has passed three days absorbed in prayer in his private chapel. Four hundred telegrams have arrived at the vatican deploring the unveiling of the Bruno monument. All the ambassadors accredited to the Vatican met Monday afternoon in the Pope's chapel.

The Samoan Settlement.

The Berlin correspondent of the London *Times* says: "There is good reason to believe that the Washington government does not altogether approve the Samoan agreement, especially in regard to foreign control in Samoa. There is no doubt that a hitch has arisen. Apparently there is a divergence of opinion regarding the punishment of Mataafa."

The *Standard's* Berlin correspondent says: "America's answer is awaited with calmness, as Germany cannot make greater concessions than she has already made."

Boulanger's Betrayers.

M. Herrisse threatens to publish the name of the betrayer of Boulanger's secrets, intimating that he was formerly the general's right hand man.

The Duke of Edinburg.

The Duke of Edinburg arrived at Berlin on June 10. He was received at the station by Emperor William. The Shah of Persia has gone to Frederichsking.

SEATTLE BURNED.

The Flourishing City Wiped Out—The Flames Beyond Control.

The entire business portion of Seattle, Washington, is now nothing but smoking ruins. About 3 o'clock on June 6 some turpentine caught fire in the basement of a two-story frame building on the southwest corner of Front and Madison streets.

From the initial point the fire spread north and south a distance of one mile. Every newspaper, hotel, telegraph office, railroad depot and wharf in the city were destroyed.

The entire water front, including all wharves and docks, coal bunkers and railway tracks, the wholesale quarter, and everything south of Union street, and west of Second street, and reaching around to the gas works, and above Fourth street on Jack on was burned.

The loss from the Seattle fire will not fall short of $10,000,000 and will probably reach $15,000,000. It is estimated that total insurance will reach all the way from $1,500,000 to $4,000,000. Already in many places the workmen have begun to grade and clean up the lots preparatory to building.

Many of the merchants have secured quarters in the residence portion of the city, and are open this morning with the remnants of their stock on hand. The remainder have decided to rebuild the city with brick and stone. A decision was reached quickly and almost unanimously at a meeting held. All companies of the First regiment are out guarding the damaged property and preventing the pilfering of the merchandise or home furnishings.

The city is quiet and everybody hopeful. Gov. Miles Moore issued a proclamation in which he says:

"The city of Seattle is in ashes. A hurricane of fire swept over the queenly city, and she is in ruins. Thousands of her citizens are without food or shelter. Nothing can subdue the spirit of her people. She will rise again in her desolation. There are homeless people to be sheltered and hungry ones to be fed. I appeal to the great hearted people of our territory, who have recently so generously responded to the cry of distress from Johnstown to heed this appeal for aid for their own suffering fellow citizens."

The record of losses will include every business man of importance in town. It is a fearful calamity from which few have escaped. All citizens made a common cause with the firemen in the powerless night. It has been predicted by insurance men time and again that the city would sometime be swept by fire, and only the wind, from the north and northeast, which kept up steady blowing, and drove the flames into the bay, saved that part of the city north of Union street.

Tacoma citizens sent to Seattle large quantities of bread, provisions, blankets and tents and 100 slaughtered beeves to supply the immediate wants of the homeless people. Portland sent several carloads of provisions, bedding, blankets and tents. Gen. Gibbons, commanding department of Columbia, will send 70 tents from Van Couver barracks at once. Aid in way of money and necessaries of life will be forwarded from different sections of the country without delay.

Other Fires.

In Patterson, N. J., June 3, Doherty & Wadsworth's silk mill, $75,000; in Biloxi, Miss., June 5, the business portion of the town, $100,000; in Jacksonville, Fla., an area of four blocks, $160,000; at Stevens' Point, Wis., June 6, the St. James hotel and all its contents, $150,000; in Syracuse, Kan., June 7, 11 business houses and offices, $25,000; in Ishpeming, Mich., the engine house at the Salisbury mine, $35,000.

Forest Fires.

Forest fires are raging again to the north of Duluth all through the Vermilion iron range and great loss is expected.

WOODRUFF WILL TESTIFY.

The Horse Thief to Go Before the Coroner's Jury.

Frank Woodruff, alias Black, the man who drove the rig in which Cronin's body was hauled to the Lake View catch basin, in Chicago, has turned state's evidence, and will be brought to testify before the coroner's jury.

The authorities are not yet ready for the denouement to the tragedy which they are prepared to reveal in the last scene. When Woodruff makes his bow to Foreman Critchell and his five fellow-jurors, a number of bench warrants will be in the hands of detectives or deputy sheriffs, and when he leaves the stand some men not heretofore mentioned in connection with the murder will be under arrest.

Woodruff's confession, it is said, connects P. O. Sullivan so closely with the crime that escape for him seems impossible. Among other things Woodruff will swear that Sullivan is the man who paid him for sneaking the wagon and horse from Dean's livery stable on the night of May 4.

The money was paid to Woodruff by Sullivan in a Division street saloon the day after the murder.

Goff and Fleming.

The West Virginia legislative joint committee on the afternoon of June 7, passed upon the depositions from Randolph county, where the legality of all votes was contested by Gen. Goff, and one by Judge Fleming. Goff's claims were sustained in ten cases, and the votes were thrown out, as was also the vote contested by Judge Fleming. This makes a net gain of five for Goff.

GENERAL NEWS.

CLIFF DWELLERS IN MEXICO.

An Exploring Party Find a Race of Aztec Sun-Worshippers.

Lieut. Schwatka arrived at Deming, New Mexico, on June 7. His party has been successful beyond all expectations in their explorations, and especially in Southern Chihuahua. Here living cliff and cave-dwellers were found in great abundance, wild as any of the American tribes, and from the Cortez conquest. The localities they live in are exactly similar to the old abandoned cliff dwellings of Arizona and New Mexico, about which there has been so much speculation and so much money spent in investigation. It was almost impossible to get very near them, so wild and timid were they. Upon the approach of white people they fly to their caves or cliffs by means of notched sticks placed against the face of the cliffs if too steep, although they can ascend vertical stone faces if there are the slightest crevices for their fingers and toes.

These cliff dwellers are sun worshippers, placing their new born children out in the full rays of the sun the first day of their lives, and showing many other forms of devotion to the great luminary. They are usually tall, lean and well formed, their skin being very blackish-red, much nearer the color of the negro than the copper colored Indian of the United States.

Schwatka claims that nothing has heretofore been known about these people, except by the half-Indian mountain Mexicans, and thinks his investigations will be of immense anthropological and archæological value. He estimates the cave and cliff dwellers from 3,000 to 12,000 in numbers, armed only with bows, arrows and stone hatchets, and enough work for a year or two for a half dozen expeditions.

Schwatka pronounces the scenery of the Central Sierra Madres as stupendous beyond conception. The grand barranca of the Urique equals, if not surpasses, the grand canon of the Colorado, while the Arroyo of the churches is the most beautiful sculptured rock of fifteen to twenty miles in length probably in existence.

THE SIOUX COMMISSION.

Speech of Gen. Crook—The Chiefs are Signing.

The commissioners held another council with the Indians, at Rosebud Agency on June 7. Yellow Hair, an Ogallala chief, claims that the Indians did not understand whether the money paid under the provisions of the act for schools came out of the price of their land, as the treaty of 1868 promised them schools for 30 years, and that they were entitled to schools for nine years longer, under that treaty.

Commissioner Foster explained that the schools continued under the provisions of the old treaty, that the expense was not charged against the money reserved from sale of lands.

Swift Bear, head chief, said, "I wish Mr. Jordan to speak for the white tribe."

Charles P. Jordan, Indian trader at this agency, who is related by marriage to Red Cloud then spoke to the Indians, giving reasons why they ought to accept the act of congress, urging every one to do as he thought was right.

Hollow Horn Bear, orator of the tribe, then spoke. He said: "I heard you had come here several days ago. I now see you, and I am glad to see all good-looking men. I greet you as friends, as I should expect you to consider me if I should go to see you at your homes. I have thought of this matter since you first spoke to us, and while I did not understand all about it, I believe the government means to do right with us.

"Gen. Crook knows all about it, and I want him to tell us; we all know him and will listen to his words. He said that his tribe wants all the Indians in the Sioux reservation to come here and talk the whole matter over at this agency, and then they will be ready to decide; that twelve men had been selected to see them, but they had delegated him to speak for all."

Gen. Crook then said: "My friends I want to say a few words. The President sent us here to speak to the Indians at this agency. He don't want to have all the Sioux Indians come here, that their crops will suffer. We shall go to the different agencies. We are here to explain everything. You can either sign or not as you see best. We have no interest except so far as we all desire the good of the Indians. If you do not accept it, you must bear the consequences. Don't come to me complaining about it. I heard it stated that I had paid Louis Richard to support the bill. You know that you selected him yourselves, as well as the interpreter.

"You wanted him, and the commissioners appointed him. I was glad you selected him, because he was once a soldier with me, and he was a good friend of the Indians. He wants the bill signed because it will help him, and his children when he is dead. In that sense I want it will help you and your children. Louis and the other half breeds can read and understand what is best for them and they know the bill is good, that is the reason they signed it.

"When I left you eleven years ago I thought by this time you would be much further advanced than you are now. I feel that I have wasted my time on and do nothing and let the government feed you.

"Once you were brave men. When you were asked to decide anything you did it at once—said yes or no. Now you are afraid to do anything. You keep wanting more time. You are not brave men now, but squaws, and the government will have to send down and feed you and shelter you. The government can't always feed you, you must some time become self-supporting.

"It will pay you $1.25 per acre for your good land and fifty cents for your bad land, which is so poor that grasshoppers can't live on it. It gives you 5 per cent interest on the money received, although it can get all it wants at 2½ per cent.

"Everything that you say, and that is said to you, is written down and the President will see it. If he is not willing to agree to all that the commissioners have said to you, then there will be nothing done and you will remain as before.

"There is no desire in the heart of the commissioners to urge you. You must decide for yourselves and each one for himself. The paper is here. You who want to sign can do so. I have nothing further to say."

Crow Dog, who killed Spotted Tail, was the first to sign, and a great many Indians followed. Four hundred signed yesterday, including many prominent chiefs. One thousand and four hundred must sign in order to meet the requirements of the bill.

At a council on June